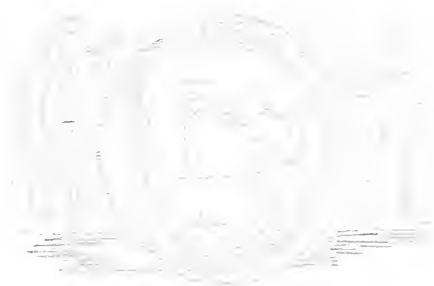


Some Letters of  
Monsignor Louis E. Caillet  
*and*  
August N. Chemidlin



**Columbia University**  
**in the City of New York**

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IN THE ALHAMBRA, 1889



SOME LETTERS  
OF  
Monsignor Louis E. Caillet  
AND  
August N. Chemidlin  
1868-1899

Edited by  
CLARA HILL LINDLEY

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St. Paul, 1922

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**FATHER CAILLET**



## FATHER CAILLET.

Of the early years of Louis Eugene Caillet little is known. He was born in Lyons, November 21, 1832, in a home rich in naught save the piety that has given to the world the missionaries of France. How much his mother had to do with shaping the aspirations of his boyhood may be gauged from the very tender affection he always bore her; the members of his household were familiar with the picture that throughout his life held the place of honor on his desk. For a priest of Lyons, chaplain of a Convent, he also entertained an enduring regard, the man who divined the possibilities slumbering in the soul of the youth and kindled them to a flame of holy ardor for the missionary life. With the prudence that was to characterize him all his days, Louis Caillet did not definitely decide to enter the ranks of the priesthood until he had knelt at the feet of the Curé of Ars and heard from his lips words that he regarded as prophetic. He took up his higher studies in a seminary at Lyons, and was quietly pursuing his course there, wondering the while in what land his lot would be cast, when, one day, a priest from America came in search of candidates for the Diocese of St. Paul. It was the saintly Father Ra-

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voux. He had much to tell the students of life among the Indians, of the quest for lonely settlers in forest and prairie, of the beginnings of religion on the banks of the Mississippi, of the sore need of priests in far-off Minnesota. He told how he himself had been for seven years in the wilds without a brother priest; how only three years before Bishop Cretin, on taking possession of his See, was welcomed with a *Te Deum* in a little log chapel that was his cathedral; and how in his whole Diocese—in all the territory between the Mississippi and the Missouri, between the Iowa line on the South and the British border on the North—he had found only one priest. He was calling for men willing to face toil and hardship, and Louis Caillet was one of those who answered the call. With six companions: Felix Tissot of Lyons, Claude Robert of Le Puy, Anatole Oster, George Keller, Francis Hurth, and Valentine Sommereisen of Strasbourg, he set sail for America. In later years he used to tell with much amusement how Father Ravoux laid down a stringent code of rules and regulations for his charges, and how his plan to establish a miniature seminary on the high seas was sadly upset by the innocent pranks of two of the younger “seminarians” bent on whiling away the tedium of a voyage extending over forty-five days.

On the afternoon of Friday, June 16, 1854, the future missionaries landed on the wharves of St.



FATHER LOUIS CAILLET  
*Soon after his Ordination*



MOTHER OF FATHER CAILLET



CATHEDRAL OF SAINT PAUL ON SIXTH AND WABASHA STREETS  
*Built by Bishop Cretin*





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Paul. On reaching the Cathedral they found Bishop Cretin teaching catechism. The Bishop lost no time in setting them at work. Their first task was to prepare for the procession of the Blessed Sacrament around the Cathedral block on the following Sunday, for it was the Sunday within the octave of Corpus Christi.

A frontier town in the Northwest in 1854 was full of strange interest for the young men fresh from France. Only a few years before, the spot on which St. Paul stood was a wilderness. The little log chapel that Father Galtier had built in 1840, the "basilica," as he called it, "so poor that it recalled the stable of Bethlehem," told them how close they still were to the crude beginning of things. And yet, the air was full of forecasts of a wonderful future for the town. Every speech in those days was adorned with a few well-worn lines of Whittier:

I hear the tread of pioneers  
Of nations yet to be—  
The first low wash of waves, where soon  
Shall roll a human sea.

At no distant date the wilderness would blossom like the rose; the Indian lodges around the town would disappear; Atlantic and Pacific would be bound by long slender lines of steel; New Orleans would be brought within reach of St. Anthony. These were the dreams of the settlers of the early fifties. And, indeed, the fame of Minnesota, of its

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prairies and their mold of a thousand years, of its pineries and primeval forests, of its countless lakes and broad-bosomed rivers, was spreading far and wide, and from East and South families were pouring in to seek their fortune in the land of promise. One day the *Democrat* would announce that "six steamboats arrived yesterday and landed about six hundred passengers." Another day the *Minnesota Pioneer* would boast that St. Paul was fast donning the aspect of a city: "After dark the lights gleam from the dwellings in multitudinous twinklings like fire-flies in a meadow." But the pages that painted such roseate pictures of St. Paul and augured such a golden future for it, would also record a skirmish between Sioux and Chippewas, ancient enemies, in one of its principal streets.

Three years of study and preparation for the sacred ministry were passed in the Cathedral Residence. It will be recalled that the Cathedral of that day was a composite building of three stories. On the first floor were a parlor, the parish library, a dining-room, a kitchen, and a class room. The second story was given over to the church. On the third story were rooms for the Bishop and the priests, the seminarians' dormitory, study hall, and class rooms. Louis Caillet received his initiation into the simple ways of missionary life when he saw Bishop Cretin sweeping his own room, making his bed, chopping wood, working in the garden, and busy with many other occupations strangely



ST. PAUL IN THE 'FIFTIES



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out of keeping with those of an episcopal palace in France. The seminarians, too, were busy with a variety of duties from early morning, when the Bishop roused one of them to serve his Mass, celebrated punctually at five o'clock, until they retired at night. Now and again, one or other of them accompanied the Bishop on his trips through the Diocese, sharing the fatigue of the rude roads and the discomfort of log houses. The close of Bishop Cretin's life was clouded with much suffering. During his last long illness Louis Caillet and Felix Tissot were in constant attendance on him, watching by his bed-side, doing all that affection and fidelity could do to soothe his pain and cheer his lonely hours. Father Caillet always retained a vivid recollection of the Bishop's resignation during the dreary months of his suffering. "As I cannot work," the Bishop would say, "I at least ought to offer my pains to God for the faithful and for all." His efforts, too, to continue his work in spite of constant distress and failing strength were a pathetic memory with those who were with him to the end.

Bishop Cretin died on the 22nd of February, 1857. Bishop Grace was not to succeed him until two years later. For this reason Louis Caillet was ordained priest by Bishop Smith, coadjutor Bishop of Dubuque, on August 21, 1857. He was assigned to the Cathedral, and now and then tasted the hardships of missionary life on the long

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trips he made among the scattered hamlets on the prairie. As pastor of the Cathedral he ministered quietly and steadily to the spiritual needs of his growing congregation. In 1865 he was commissioned by Bishop Grace to organize a new parish to be known as St. Mary's. On Pentecost Sunday of the following year the corner-stone of the new Church was laid with much ceremony. It was a beautiful afternoon towards the end of May, and all St. Paul turned out for the occasion. The Catholic societies of the Cathedral and Assumption parishes, the children who had received the sacrament of Confirmation in the morning, and who now marched singing Canticles in honor of the Blessed Virgin, the acolytes in their scarlet soutanes and spotless surplices (among them was a little boy who was to be the first Bishop of North Dakota, John Shanley), the nuns in their somber garb, the vested priests, and the Bishop with his guard of honor—this Catholic outpouring fifty-six years ago was an unwonted spectacle in a frontier town, and cheered the hearts of the Catholic people of St. Paul. The parchment deposited in the corner-stone will come to light again, when the church so auspiciously founded will be regretfully dismantled. It told how, on May 20th, in the year of our Lord 1866, the twentieth of the Pontificate of Pius IX, the seventh of the episcopacy of Thomas Langdon Grace, Andrew Johnson being President of the United States,

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William R. Marshall Governor of the State of Minnesota, and John S. Prince Mayor of the City of St. Paul, the corner-stone of St. Mary's was solemnly laid by the Bishop of the Diocese, attended by the clergy of the city and a large concourse of the faithful. A sermon full of unction and eloquence preached by Bishop Grace brought to a close a day that always lived in the memory of Father Caillet.

Building a church in the year after the war was no light task. Father Caillet never forgot the generous co-operation given to him by five members of the parish—Messrs. John S. Prince, Philip McQuillan, Bruno Beaupré, Patrick H. Kelly and Patrick Nash. Neither did he ever forget the sacrifices made by hundreds of his congregation, who were always so ready with a moiety of their scanty incomes. On July 28, 1867, to the great joy of priest and people, St. Mary's was dedicated. Father Oster, in the absence of Bishop Grace, officiated. The sermon was preached by Father Ireland, who took for his text the words "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life." Father Ireland was, as Archbishop, to preach the sermon at the Silver Jubilee of St. Mary's, and again at its Golden Jubilee.

For six and fifty years St. Mary's was destined to stand, a House of God, diffusing the blessings and consolations of religion to thousands of souls coming to seek what only the Catholic Church can

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give, the truths and graces that Christ committed to the dispensing hands of His priesthood. In the words of Archbishop Ireland, it was the "House of God and the Gate of Heaven, proclaiming to all the real purpose of life, and pointing out to the present generation the blessed reward held out to those who serve God faithfully." And its people loved it as the House of God. They were ever adding some new touch of loveliness to it, adorning it with tabernacle and font, with pictures and candelabra and exquisite vestments, sparing nothing that could contribute to the beauty of the sanctuary and the dignity of its services. Father Caillet's joy was full when, on March 22, 1882, a few friends subscribed the sum of twelve thousand dollars "to lift from the church the incumbrance which had been a source of anxiety to him;" and his happiness was no less keen than that of the little group of his parishioners who assembled in Mr. James J. Hill's residence that March evening to meet him and announce the good news to him. Piety reigned in the parish, and the spirit of charity made of the congregation one great family in which help was always ready and the sorrow of one was the sorrow of many. The life of a parish finds expression in its societies, which are simply so many organized systems of devotion and charity; it is significant and interesting to recall the number of church societies called into being by the zeal of St. Mary's pastor: the



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Rosary Society, the Young Ladies' Sodality, the Holy Angels' Sodality, the Society of the Holy Name, Knights of the Blessed Virgin, the St. Vincent de Paul Society, the Perpetual Adoration Society, the League of the Sacred Heart, Ladies' Aid Society, Altar Society, Literary and Reading Circle. St. Mary's Home for friendless girls was established in 1884, and was at first managed by ladies of the parish under the following Board of Directors: Mmes. J. J. Hill, P. F. McQuillan, J. T. Beaumont, J. McCauley, P. H. Kelly, H. Bamford, F. F. McIver, P. R. L. Hardenbergh, J. H. Allen, B. Beaupré, F. Seymour, Alice Goodrich, D. Ryan, A. McDonald. It was subsequently committed to the charge of the Ladies of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. For several years the Orphan Asylum, the first institution of the kind in the Northwest, although not founded by Father Caillet, depended on him for the funds that maintained it.

Mention should be made of an organization which was known wherever the name of St. Mary's was mentioned—St. Mary's choir. It dates back to the earliest days of the church. Under the directorship, first, of Mrs. A. M. Shawe, and, subsequently, of Miss Elsie Shawe, musicians of a high order and accomplished organists, by its exquisite rendering of ecclesiastical music and fidelity to its best traditions, it contributed greatly to the sense of piety that always marked the services of St. Mary's.

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Much of the marvelous record of this choir was due to the interest which Father Caillet always manifested in it as an organization and in its individual members.

The completion of the church left Father Caillet's hands free for a work which he deemed the most fruitful of his life—the building of St. Mary's school. To this task he bent all his energies and in 1880 a structure of ample and dignified proportions, spacious and handsome, well appointed in every detail, faced the church, housing the children who thronged to it from all sides. His parish he now regarded as fully equipped: for his own comfort he had no thought, and so the little frame house adjoining the church continued to serve as his residence as long as he was pastor of St. Mary's.

The school was the object of his special pride and solicitude. It was characteristic of the man that the young people who went out from its halls were not lost to view the day they received their diplomas. He kept steadily in touch with them, following them with helpful interest, enlisting the good will of men of affairs in their behalf, and encouraging their laudable ambition in a practical way. The graduates of St. Mary's won their way to the confidence of merchants and bankers. For many men now holding posts of trust and emolument in the Northwest the reputation of St. Mary's school first opened the door of opportunity.

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And this was not the last service that Father Caillet rendered to the cause of education. The establishment of a convent of the Visitation nuns was for some years among his most cherished hopes. In 1872, with the authorization of Bishop Grace, he journeyed to St. Louis to ask for a foundation from the Motherhouse in that city. He went back in 1873 to renew the request, and in May of that year, two sisters, Mother M. Vincentia Marotte and Sister Xavier Wickham, visited St. Paul, remaining for some days under the hospitable roof of Colonel J. S. Prince while plans for the coming of a Visitandine colony were being completed. Four trusted friends of Father Caillet—Messrs. J. S. Prince, P. J. McQuillan, B. Beaupré, and P. H. Kelly—took an active interest in the new enterprise, and were instrumental in a large way in making the establishment of the Convent feasible. On August 12, 1873, six sisters, travelling under Father Caillet's care, arrived in St. Paul, and found a pleasant home awaiting them on Somerset Street. The first Mass was celebrated in their oratory on the Feast of the Assumption, when enclosure was formally established. Father Caillet's wisdom has been richly vindicated. The history of the Visitation Community—the erection of the Convent at the corner of Robert Street and University Avenue, and the erection of the splendid Convents in which the nuns now carry on their work, the contribution of the Community to Cath-

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olic life in Minnesota, the impress stamped upon the young women who with the choicest graces of culture imbibed the spirit of enlightened piety that the Visitandines impart—all this is familiar to those who are acquainted with the forces diffusing the blessings of education and religion in the Northwest during the past forty years. Father Caillet would have rejoiced to see the stately Convent that is today the home of the nuns—the gift of one of their own alumnae—but he did not live to see this happy fruition of his hopes. He watched to the last over the Convent, faithful guardian, guide, and friend of the Community for whose coming he had been so solicitous.

Father Caillet was the ideal parish priest, the true pastor of souls. He could lay no claim to graces of oratory, in fact he never attained a facile command of English, and yet, his people never tired of his simple, solid instructions, setting forth the teaching of the Church and the duties of her children with a clearness and persuasiveness that charmed alike the humblest and the most cultured of his congregation. The piety and sincerity of a priestly soul touched his words with simple eloquence—behind the words he spoke was the transparent goodness of the life he lived. As a spiritual guide he reminded one somewhat of the Curé of Ars, with whose spirit he seemed to have been penetrated. There is a sanity in saintliness that pierces unerringly to the heart of a problem. This

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gift Father Caillet possessed, and with it a rare insight into character. Many a troubled soul went out from St. Mary's, carrying the peace and sureness that come from contact with one who dwells habitually in another world.

He was the children's friend and father. Between child and priest exists one of the beautiful bonds of life. The priest looks at the child with some of the love of Him who would have the little ones come unto Him, and the child turns instinctively to the priest with trust and reverence. Father Caillet knew and loved children. He was interested in them, in all their doings and all their ways. The school, which he built on a splendid scale and at the cost of much sacrifice, was, as we have said, the special object of his predilection. There he loved to tarry among the young folk, never growing weary of endless catechism, lighting up lessons with stories and illustrations the children could not forget. The privilege of preparing them for First Communion he jealously guarded for himself. When separated from them, they were ever in his thoughts. His letters had messages for them—messages that show how well he understood them. When lying ill at Lyons he fancied them playing under the window, or singing hymns to the Mother of the Lord around her statue half-hidden in the flowers of the garden. As the children of St. Mary's grew to manhood and womanhood under his fostering hands, they grew in reverence and af-

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fection for their pastor and for the faith he so sweetly taught them.

If Father Caillet is lovingly remembered by many who knew him as a priest and were trained in religion by him, he is still more affectionately remembered by the few who knew him also as a friend. For only a few knew him as he really was—the unsuspected fund of affection, the consideration for others that found expression in many touching, thoughtful ways, the gentle shrewdness that was never cynical and never credulous, the judicious mind that begot confidence, the kindly humor that flashed out so suddenly and so merrily, the quiet fearlessness that would hold calmly against pressure like a rock in a stream, the unchanging simplicity of soul, and, over all, and suffusing all, the priestly dignity of a man for whom the thought of things unseen was never far away. It is not surprising that those who enjoyed his friendship turned to him in all the affairs of life with a trust that knew no doubt and no limitations.

How loyal he could be to those whom he liked and trusted his friendship with Mr. Chemidlin, extending over forty years, bore wistful testimony. They were very unlike, these two men. Their paths lay far apart. Their thoughts ran in different channels. The sprightly temperament of the layman was sensitive to much for which the priest had little perception. And yet, they were drawn together in a placid companionship that grew in

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gentle thoughtfulness as the years passed by. The letters bring out the contrast of temperament and also the note of simple intimacy that pervaded their friendship. Mr. Chemidlin never lets a chance pass to tease Father Caillet. Father Caillet will not make the trip to the Holy Land, much as he covets it, because Mr. Chemidlin is debarred by illness from sharing the pleasure of it with him. Mr. Chemidlin's letter to Mrs. Hill on the death of his friend is the cry of a desolate heart.

It is as pastor of St. Mary's that Father Caillet is chiefly remembered. With St. Mary's his life was bound up. To it and to its flock he gave the best years of his life without stint, without reserve. When illness forced him to seek health in a less rigorous climate, his thoughts were with his flock beyond the sea. Wherever he was, at Lyons or Madrid or Rome, at Carthage or Tunis or in the Sahara, "wandering from enchantment to enchantment," his heart was with St. Mary's. He would not exchange his humble church and choir for the finest church in Paris. The church he built was dear to him, and dearer still the spiritual edifice that through his priestly zeal God deigned to build up in the hearts of the people to whom he ministered so faithfully.

The celebration of the Silver Jubilee of St. Mary's, August 7, 1892, was the occasion of a ceremony which greatly gratified all who knew Father Caillet. Archbishop Ireland had just returned

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from Rome, bringing with him the Brief that raised the pastor of St. Mary's to the rank of Domestic Prelate. All the Bishops of the Province of St. Paul were present to do honor to their old friend. Archbishop Ireland preached the sermon and invested Father Caillet with the purple of his new dignity. "I do not speak to praise or flatter with sweet words," said the Archbishop, "I speak to render testimony to truth; I speak to edify. True merit does not seek to be known; but it is our duty to know it and value it. We are assembled this morning to honor a deserving priest. He who was pastor of St. Mary's Church twenty-five years ago is the pastor today. For ten years previously he had labored in St. Paul as pastor of the Cathedral. During his thirty-five years of ministerial life he has been the faithful, the irreproachable, the self-denying, the zealous priest. How much good he has accomplished! How many souls brought nearer to God! Is this as nothing? No wonder that the Sovereign Pontiff, hearing of this unstained and zealous ministry, desired to mark it as a lesson to others by sending to your pastor the Brief which has been sent to you, and which constitutes him prelate of the Roman Court. For centuries it has been the custom of the Popes to select as members of their Court distinguished and meritorious ecclesiastics throughout the world. When in Rome they enjoy special honors and privileges befitting their propinquity to the person of



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the Pontiff. It is my privilege to represent this morning Leo XIII in conferring this dignity on Monsignor Caillet. I rejoice in doing it; I have known him for many years. I have toiled at his side as fellow-priest; when made a Bishop I have made use of his wise and discreet counsel at all times and in all circumstances. I have found him to be the worthy ecclesiastic. His parishioners have known him well, and with me they tender him their felicitations. May he be with us for many years to come, to serve the cause of Christ and edify his people and his fellow-priests."

In the autumn of 1893 Father Caillet left his beloved St. Mary's. Only more important duties and responsibilities could reconcile him to the parting. But he was now Vicar-General, and in the course of another year he was to take charge of the St. Paul Seminary. It was eminently fitting that he should be the first Rector of the Seminary. This was made clear in a memorable manner at the dedication of the Seminary, September 4, 1895. The Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Satolli, a large number of Archbishops and Bishops, hundreds of priests, representatives of Catholic seats of learning, and a great gathering of men eminent in civic walks of life came to signalize by their presence the formal dedication and presentation of an institution that was to inaugurate a new era in the history of the Church in the Northwest. Mass had been celebrated by Archbishop Satolli under

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the open sky in the presence of a vast assemblage; the sermon had been preached by Dr. O'Gorman, setting forth in glowing accents the mission of a seminary of the priesthood; one by one the buildings on the Campus had been blessed and dedicated, and evening had come, the moment of the closing act—the founder's formal presentation of the institution to the Diocese of St. Paul. Archbishop Ireland, looking into the future sketched with masterly sweep the service the St. Paul Seminary was destined to render to Church and Country; professors voiced the gratitude of priests and students to the illustrious founder of their seminary; the Apostolic Delegate, as representative of the Sovereign Pontiff, emphasized the significance of the great gift made “to a Church that can die from earth only with the race.” And then Mr. Hill rose to speak. Briefly and simply he told the reasons that animated him in founding the seminary. “For nearly thirty years,” he said, “I have lived in a Roman Catholic household and daily have had before me the earnest devotion, watchful care, and Christian example of a Roman Catholic wife, of whom it may be said, Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God, and on whose behalf to-night I desire to present and turn over to the illustrious Archbishop of this Diocese the seminary and its endowment as provided in the deeds and articles of trust covering the same.” He had noted, too, that the Catholic people had little else than their faith

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in God and the aid of their priests. He had also seen the work done by Archbishop Ireland in spreading throughout the country the light of religion, and, seeing it, he felt called upon to devote a portion of the world's goods with which he had been blessed to educating for the priesthood men who would be able to preach down the spirit of unbelief, and to stand as shining lights along the pathway that leads to heaven. This explanation he prefaced with a tribute to Father Caillet which must be given in Mr. Hill's own words: "I cannot let this occasion pass without a word in regard to one who has most to do with the early consideration of and conclusions which ultimately led to the founding of this institution. To most of you I need hardly mention the name of Monsignor Louis Caillet, whose long life as a Catholic priest has been spent among you, and whose devotion to duty, whose broad Christian charity and unswerving zeal for the spiritual welfare and upright life of both old and young have endeared him in an unusual degree to the hearts of the people of St. Paul, both within and without the Church which he has so dearly loved and so faithfully served. Over forty years of active service have left him somewhat impaired in health, but with a spirit as patient and devoted as when he first came among you so many years ago. I may say truthfully that had it not been for my intimate knowledge of and admiration for his character as a Christian pastor and a per-

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sonal friend, it is very probable I would never have thought of assuming the responsibility for the work which has been dedicated today." Thus was the simple priest who had lived and worked so long and so unobtrusively suddenly summoned again out of the obscurity he loved by the voice of a man whose grandeur of vision and magnificence of achievement lent distinction to every word of praise he uttered. It was a dramatic setting for a tribute, and the audience—the most notable ever gathered in response to the invitation of the Church in the Northwest—was quick to recognize the justice and gracefulness of it all.

As Rector of the Seminary, Father Caillet's very presence among the students was an exalting influence. His gentle gravity, his priestly piety, his mellow wisdom silently made themselves felt in the lives of the young men entrusted to his paternal care. For three years he lived among his priests and students, loved and revered by all, years apparently free from heavy care, for he let no one know what he knew too well—that his days were rapidly coming to a close. Few things lend so much dignity to life as the calm bearing of a man who is aware that the end is near, and who quietly prepares to meet death with the simple trust in God that he has brought to all his work and tasks. So was it with Father Caillet. He died as he lived. He passed to his reward on Sunday afternoon, November 28, 1897. Ever since he left St. Mary's he



SAINT MARY'S CHURCH



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had gone back again and again to offer the Holy Sacrifice at the altar so full of sweet memories for him, and to speak from the familiar pulpit to the flock he knew and loved so well. It was his wish that he should be buried from St. Mary's—"it is my desire that I be buried from St. Mary's Church, the Church I loved so well and will love to the last." And back to the scene of his life's labors his mortal remains were borne by priests and seminarians to rest before the altar for the last time. There on December 1st, the last obsequies were performed in the midst of Bishops, priests, and people, who followed him to the grave with tears and prayers. The Mass was celebrated by Bishop Shanley. The sermon was preached by Archbishop Ireland, who spoke of Father Caillet, as "one who was above all things a priest," and closed a moving discourse with these farewell words: "Father Caillet, we bid you good-bye. Your memory will long be with us. For years and years St. Mary's Church in every stone of its walls will speak of your devotion to duty, of your irreproachable life; and for years and years thousands who have been blessed by your ministry, who have knelt before you in confession of their sins, who have received from your hands the Body of Christ, who have listened to words of comfort from your lips, who have heard of the virtues of your priestly life, will speak of you. For years and years in St. Paul, in the Northwest the name of Father Caillet will

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be a benediction among men, and men will be better because he has lived among us."

Father Caillet's will was what might have been expected of him. To his life-long friend Mr. Chemidlin he left two thousand dollars. To St. Mary's School he bequeathed the sum of ten thousand dollars, the modest savings of a life time. To the St. Paul Seminary he gave his books, and to Miss Annabel McQuillan, as a token of affection and esteem to her and of gratitude and friendship to her dear father and mother, he gave the picture of the Madonna painted by Gabriel Max and presented to him by his "kind and dear friend," Mr. James J. Hill.

The story of Father Caillet is not starred with deeds that win renown and entitle a man to a page in the annals of Church or State. It is the story of one who at the Master's bidding left home and friends in the dawn of his manhood for the far-off frontiers of a foreign land, who, while great movements were afoot around him, and a magnificent race of men were organizing civilization in the wilderness, became a power for good among gentle and simple, guarding faithfully the most sacred interests that can be committed to human keeping, exemplifying the graces that adorn the priesthood, and cheerfully enduring the sacrifices that forty years of pioneer ministry necessitated. Lives that are unobtrusively devoted to truth and duty and kindness amid the tangled confusion of the world



## FATHER CAILLET

are usually devoid of incident that deserves to be blazoned abroad. Their very simplicity ofttimes veils their true nobility from all except discerning eyes. So was it with Father Caillet. So is it with these letters. They record no profound reflections, they chronicle no startling occurrences. They give us fleeting glimpses of what was most charming in the man who wrote them—the affectionate simplicity of a priestly soul.

Slender souvenirs of a holy priest, who was also the trusted friend and guide of all for whose eyes the following pages are intended, these little letters, casual memorials of years gone by, may revive fading memories, and bring back some of the sweetness and fragrance of the days they recall.



**AUGUST NICHOLAS CHEMIDLIN**





AUGUST CHEMIDLIN AND HIS WIFE  
*At the time of their Marriage in 1852*



## A. N. CHEMIDLIN

August Nicholas Chemidlin was born December fifth, 1825, in Lorraine, France, in the little village of Imlin, or Yhmiling, in the vicinity of Nancy. He was the son of Nicholas Chemidlin, and the eldest of a family of eight sons and one daughter. He received his education from the Jesuits, probably at their college at Nancy, as he always spoke of that city as though he had lived there—a university town of great historic interest, and graced with some of the most exquisite examples of eighteenth century architecture. He described Lacordaire's visits to his college, and it appears that this gifted priest went to Nancy and founded a Dominican Convent when August was seventeen years old. He used to take long walking trips in his vacations, which remained an enchanting memory all his life. After leaving college he studied a while for the priesthood, but gave it up, and he and his brother John went to seek their fortunes in America.

The time of their arrival there is not known, but in 1852 August, then twenty-six years old, went to White Plains, New York, where he lived for a year or two, giving private lessons in the Lorillard and Stuyvesant Fish families. This is the year of his marriage, which took place in Brooklyn, to Celena, daughter of Gabriel Franchère.

## A. N. CHEMIDLIN

Mrs. Chemidlin's father came from Montreal. He was a member of the expedition sent by John Jacob Astor to found Astoria at the mouth of the Columbia river, and sailed from New York in the ill-fated *Tonquin* in September, 1810. His narrative was the first history of the Astor Expeditions and the basis for Washington Irving's "*Astoria*." On his return journey he travelled overland 5,000 miles in canoes and on foot. He engaged in the fur trade at Sault Sainte Marie, and later established the commercial house of Franchère and Company in New York. The Society of St. Jean-Baptiste, for French-Canadians in the United States, was founded by him. He married the widow of Joseph Prince of Cincinnati, the mother of John S. Prince, who went to St. Paul in 1854.

Mr. Prince built a spacious house on Eighth Street, which was occupied by his family in 1856. Mr. Franchère,\* accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Chemidlin, visited Saint Paul that year in the summer, which was the height of the season for travel in the days of river steamboats.\*\* When the head of navigation was reached what a charming picture the new settlement must have made, encircled by green hills, in a sparkling atmosphere with nothing to cloud it but the fragrant smoke of wood fires. Mr. Chemidlin decided to settle in Saint Paul, and

\*It was at the home of his stepson that Franchère died in 1863, and the last survivor of the Astor Expedition lies buried in Saint Paul, in the Prince plot in Calvary Cemetery.

\*\*Mr. James J. Hill arrived in July of the same year.



## A. N. CHEMIDLIN

in 1858 he bought a farm in the vicinity of Lake Josephine. There they lived for four years, having as a member of the family Théophile Chemidlin, a young nephew who joined his uncle in Saint Paul in the spring of 1858 and continued to live with him for eight years. The friendship with Father Caillet began in 1857, at the time of his ordination. Mrs. Prince knew him as a student for the priesthood, and the two Frenchmen may have met at her house.

In the spring of 1862 the life of a farmer must have been discouraging, for we find Mr. Chemidlin giving it up to accept the appointment of toll-collector at the Suspension Bridge across the Mississippi between Saint Anthony and Minneapolis. The toll-house stood almost alone on Nicollet Island, above Saint Anthony Falls, then in all their natural beauty. The island was finely wooded and a paradise to the boy Théophile and his friends, who could hunt to their hearts' content. One of them recalls radiant autumn days when the drum of a partridge would frequently sound from the woods nearby, and speaks of lying in the grass on summer nights, listening to Mrs. Chemidlin's singing, "the voice of an angel" to those boyish ears. She was small and dark, and gay in spirit. The charm of the place for her young nieces was the garden of old-fashioned flowers, which "Uncle" rose early to cultivate. This idyllic life was interrupted in the spring of 1864, when Captain James L. Fisk or-

## A. N. CHEMIDLIN

ganized an expedition to the Montana gold fields, and Mr. Chemidlin made the trip with him in charge of the commissary. He returned in the autumn and resumed his position at the toll-gate, remaining there until 1866. Théophile left him in the spring of that year and went to Montana, where he settled at Fort Benton. The Chemidlins remained on the island for a time and opened an ice-cream parlor, the prototype of the modern tea-house, in a house on the hillside facing the lovely view. It is remembered by its old clientèle as a place of great charm, and it was later taken over by Charles Wales. In 1868 Mr. Chemidlin was in Saint Paul, nursing Father Caillet through a serious illness, and seeking a new situation, which proved to be at Crystal Lake, Minnesota, where he took charge of a general store, owned by Bruno Beaupré of Saint Paul. After a few years there he returned to Saint Anthony, where he again took up teaching. He had as pupils the two elder daughters of Anthony Kelly, and was engaged by Father Tissot to teach the boys' classes in the parish school of Saint Anthony of Padua, his wife becoming organist in the church. In 1879 he was about to open a school in Saint Paul, but through Father Caillet he met Mr. Hill, and was persuaded by him to become tutor to his children instead. At that time the Hill house at the corner of Ninth and Canada Streets was new, and Mr. Hill was just entering on his career as a railroad man. Mary,



CLARA, 1878



LOUIS AND JAMES, 1881



MARY HILL, 1880



## A. N. CHEMIDLIN

James and Louis were the pupils, and John Kelly was with them for a short time. Clara was privileged to come and go, and of greater interest to her than her A B C's were the delicately pencilled flowers, shells and butterflies with which her teacher used to decorate the flyleaves of the school books.

There were not only lessons, but afternoon walks, not less instructive and wholly delightful. Who would not enjoy a visit to an iron foundry, a hunt for cornelians in a railroad cut, or the Wabasha Street bridge at the time of the spring floods, when, with luck, one might see a house floating down the river? But best of all were Carver's Cave, the fish hatchery, and the Indian Mounds, all in delightful proximity. The Indian Mounds as left by their builders, commanding a magnificent sweep of the winding river, was the spot for the first crocuses. Near the fish hatchery was a famous ground for frogging parties. The frogs' legs were amputated to be taken home for a delectable dish; and to a little girl that was a less desirable pastime than gathering wild flowers in a nearby ravine. What quaint bouquets Mr. Chemidlin could make, and how well he knew the haunts of the rarest flowers! These children took quite for granted his knowledge of botany, geology or ethnology; but in later years they realized that his love of nature and art, of reading and study, was his chief resource, and the evidence of the old world education which was

## A. N. CHEMIDLIN

his sole equipment for the life of a Minnesota pioneer.

There were summers spent at Lake Elmo, at Lake Minnetonka after the opening of the Lafayette Hotel, and finally at "the farm," Mr. Hill's country place on Pleasant Lake, ten miles north of town, where Father Caillet also used to spend his summer holiday. The two friends took daily walks, often around the lake, when Father Caillet's little joke was to urge the recalcitrant to accompany them at least half way. Mr. Chemidlin was always a familiar figure on the lake and an experienced fisherman.

After the death of his wife in 1883, Mr. Chemidlin went to live at the Prince's, where he spent the remaining eighteen years of his life. That house and garden was a fine example of the old homes of "lower town," built in a more spacious proportion than those of today, and ruled by a more hospitable, if simpler régime. Two blocks away stood Saint Mary's church, truly the shrine of this Catholic family. Here Mrs. Prince always paid the first of her visits; her sister, Mrs. Shawe, was organist and leader of the choir, a position which remained in her family for fifty years; and the lamp of the sanctuary, lit by Charlotte Prince in 1867, was kept burning by one of her younger sisters until the last day in the old home in 1903. This house, like Mr. Hill's, was taken down as soon as vacated by the family. The railroad terminals have obliterated

## A. N. CHEMIDLIN

every vestige of that early quarter of town, which exists now only in our memories, with all the glamour of childhood and youth.

Mr. Chemidlin's pupils continued with him until 1885, when they were succeeded by their younger sisters and brother, all of whom were his French scholars. The trip abroad with Father Caillet in 1889 was his first return to Europe. He then revisited his birthplace and found only a heap of ruins, the work of the Germans in 1870, and never rebuilt.

In 1891 the Hills moved into the house on Summit Avenue, where for the next ten years Mr. Chemidlin was a frequent visitor. When the lilies-of-the-valley bloomed, for which the Prince garden was famous, he never failed to appear with a bunch of them which he had gathered for Mrs. Hill, the yearly token of his devotion to her. The courtly manners of his youth clung to him, and his entrance with a bow and the salutation "Mesdames, votre serviteur," was always warmly welcomed. His talk and banter were a delight and his eyes would shine with their old fire. In 1895 he again went to Europe with Father Caillet; unfortunately we have no letters from him while on this trip. In the following year there was a new bond between his family and the Princes, when Louis Nicholas Chemidlin, son of his brother John, married Grace Prince. The last letters in this book were written from their house, when he visited them in 1897.

## A. N. CHEMIDLIN

He gave French lessons to some of his friends, and did some work in the offices of the Great Northern Railway, but in his later years poor health and increasing age did not admit of more than his daily walk and hours of reading. On July sixteenth, 1901, at the age of seventy-five, he met his death under the wheels of a fire engine, while walking home from the Public Library. He lived only long enough to receive the last Sacraments, in an unconscious condition. A violent end to a gentle life!

The writer of this memoir was in France at the time, and received in the same mail both the news of his death and a letter from him. He asked her to visit for him his favorite spots, to eat a certain dish, to watch the children play, and to think of him when gazing on the beauty of that pleasant land. In closing he wondered whether our reward in the next world might be to visit those places which we loved best on earth, and if that were true, how often should he be, where she was now, in France.



## LETTERS





JOHN S. PRINCE, 1865



MRS. SHAW



MRS. PRINCE, 1865



## LETTERS

### I

*Lyons, May 28, 1868.*

MRS. PRINCE,

ST. PAUL.

MY DEAR MRS. PRINCE:

You have most likely heard that I reached Lyons on the 13th instant, and I should have written to you sooner had it not been for a severe indisposition which has lasted about a week, and is now nearly over. During those days I often thought of my good little nurses, Charlotte and Nettie, and wished I had them near me, or rather to be near them. It is a very sad thing to mar the happiness which your friends enjoy in seeing you, by the sight of sickness. But I now intend to be very careful so not to have another relapse.

I need not tell you the joy of my dear mother. You can imagine that better than I could express, and also of my brother and friends, above all, of Mr. and Mrs. Markoe. I went to see them only twice before I was taken ill, but they have come very often to see me in spite of the very long distance which separates their house from the one where I live. And then, of course, our conversations would be about St. Paul and our dear friends. I

## LETTERS

must assure you that you have a large share in that conversation, and I could easily bring the blush to your cheeks were I to repeat to you all the good we say of yourself, but I shall spare you. Mr. and Mrs. Markoe appear to be very lonesome in their new country, particularly Mr. Markoe, although he tries very hard to hide it even from himself. He does not speak French, and, therefore, is cut off from society. Mrs. Markoe would get along very well, as she speaks quite easily, were it not for the loneliness of her husband. If you ever come to France, I advise you to leave Mr. Prince on the other side, for those husbands are a lot of trouble to their wives—take Mr. Markoe for instance. Lorenzo and Johnnie are delighted to have me here. It makes it look, they say, like home. I have not yet seen the three others, but expect to do so very soon. Then I will be able to tease our sweet-sour girl. Had she kissed me when I left I would have perhaps done the same to Rawly, but she neglected that, and I shall neglect it also.

I very often think of you, Mrs. Link and Mrs. Shawe. You are such lovers of beautiful nature that you would enjoy even being sick where I now reside. The house is in a garden perfectly filled with flowers and fruits. I would give you the flowers and eat the fruits, but it is charming, and so much the more as there are so many recollections of the past connected with that most beautiful spot.

## LETTERS

There is our playground, where Father Tissot and I passed so many pleasant recreations; the trees upon which we used to climb to have the pleasure of studying our lessons in their foliage; the chapel where we prayed and served Mass; our good teacher, and his sister so kind, who, in spite of her eighty years can run as swiftly as any of your children. All these things, you will understand, have their charm and speak to the heart, even when that is sick with rheumatism, but I wish you were here only for a few days, as you would be at Pine Bend. I wish your lonesome friend from that corner could be with you.\* We have the most delightful weather, although it is very warm, and the crops look as fine as may be desired. The vines are crowded with grapes, strawberries are beautiful and plenty, and the same with cherries, plums, apricots, etc.

If I feel well enough, I intend to go to Strasbourg and call to see Mr. Chemidlin's niece, but as I do not intend to go yet, it might be well for Mr. Chemidlin to write to me in case he had something particular to say.

I have not mentioned anything about my journey as you shall have learned all from letters written to others. I wish very much I had the use of my limbs so as to be able to visit. I might succeed well in obtaining articles for our church, but here it is not as in New York, where you have cars; you must

\* Mrs. H. G. O. Morison.

## LETTERS

entirely trust to your legs. Pray that I may be able to walk without further inconvenience.

Now, I shall expect a long letter from you with all particulars about the church, without forgetting our dear little choir. I do not forget them. Tell Mrs. Shawe to remember me to them all, and warn them that on my return I will bring them plenty of work to practice on.

Now, how is my good friend, Mr. Prince? I suppose always busy. And Mr. Chemidlin, has he obtained a situation yet? Has he, at least, some prospects of obtaining one? And your good mother, how is she also? Is Mrs. Shawe speaking about going to the country?

I have heard of the change made in the school, and feel very sorry that you are obliged to resort to means of rather doubtful expediency for the education of your children. All I may say is, do for the best and live in hope of having very soon something better, more substantial, more to be depended upon.\*

Please give my best regards to Mr. Prince, to Mrs. Link, Mrs. Shawe and her husband, to both your brothers and their wives, and my love to all the children, and a big kiss to Johnnie. Tell Mr. Chemidlin that I do not forget him and shall soon write to him.

\* Father Cailliet brought the Sisters of the Visitation from St. Louis.





AUGUST CHEMIDLIN, ABOUT 1860



## LETTERS

I will now close my letter with assurance of the cordial affection of yours in Christ,

L. CAILLET.

I have every reason to believe that you keep your bureau drawers in good order.

### II

*Lyon, May 28, 1868.*

MISS CHARLOTTE PRINCE,  
EAST EIGHTH ST.,  
ST. PAUL.

MY DEAR CHILD CHARLOTTE:

I received your kind and affectionate note this week and avail myself of this opportunity to answer it. I should be, indeed, very much pleased here if my good friends of St. Paul could be here with me and enjoy the beauties of the country. I should like, in particular, to see the children, I mean you all, play in the delightful garden under my window. There is a statue of the Blessed Virgin almost hidden among the flowers. How you would like to sing the litany or say the rosary in the honor of the Mother of Holy Love among those flowers and before that statue!

I see by your letter that I have given you some anxiety concerning the affection I bear to Nettie, but do you believe that this excludes you from my love or any one among you, my dear children? Mistake: you have not understood what I meant

## LETTERS

when I sent you the little scrap about the *darling*. I well knew that none among you had all the qualities therein described; some had more, some less, perhaps, but everyone had some and endeavored to obtain all, and, therefore, you are all *one* darling to me: then you need not be jealous of Nettie, nor Mamie of you, for I love you all.

I have delivered to Mrs. Markoe the present you sent to her. She was very much pleased with your idea and admired very much the execution. Lorenzo and Johnnie are the only children at home for the present. Willie, Rawly and James are at Meximieux. Wednesday next, the whole family will move to a village nine miles from Lyons and about six from Meximieux.

After a few months I shall return to St Paul. Pray that I may be in good health to be able to accomplish my task. I have enjoyed very much meeting my friends here, but I may assure you that my joy will be double in meeting my friends in St. Paul. Tell Aunt Shawe that I do not forget her or family. I pray for them all that God may reward them all for her kindness. Remember me also to the girls of the choir, and tell them that my most earnest desire is to see them all together on my return.

Kiss the children for me. Believe me ever yours  
affectionately in Christ,

L. CAILLET.

P. S. Tell my dear, wild, little Mamie to pre-



CHARLOTTE PRINCE, 1865



NETTIE AND MAMIE, 1865



FANNY, 1865



## LETTERS

pare a nice piece of music to play for me at my return.

### III

*Lyons, July 12, 1868.*

MISS NETTIE PRINCE,  
ST. PAUL.

MY DEAR LITTLE NETTIE:

My little bird tells me that you are surprised not to receive a few lines from your patient; but I know the good heart of my little Nettie. I feel very sure that she will not think that I am indifferent or forgetful, so I have let my little bird talk as much as it pleased and waited for the first opportunity to write you a few words.

I have now been in Lyons for nearly two months. During that time I have had several occasions of regretting not to have my little nurse by me. At times it was for my own sake, and again, it would have been for her own. I fancied how much pleasure she would have in seeing all the beautiful things which I did see, how she would enjoy herself in a French kitchen, where she could learn so many different ways of cooking the same thing. I was told the other day that potatoes could be prepared in forty different ways. What must it be of other things? You would also have enjoyed very much our beautiful flowers and

## LETTERS

delightful fruits, for I have arrived in good season for all those things.

My dear child, the time is coming near when I shall see you again, also your papa and mamma, and all your sisters, and I prize this pleasure above all those I have had or could have in France. I hope to find you endeavoring by all means to become good, pious, and to improve yourself also in your studies. Do your best in this latter respect, my child, even against your inclination, and you will rejoice for that effort in after life. I have seen Rawly, Willie and Jimmie at the seminary. They are all well and contented, although they regret deeply the company of their kind young friends of lower town. Jimmie thinks the house drawn by Charlotte quite imperfect because there is no cat on the gate post, but they blame Uncle for not allowing Nettie to try her hand at it.

Good-bye, my dear child. Kiss the young ones for me and give my best regards to papa, mamma and grandma, without forgetting Miss now seventeen, and yet my child.

Yours affectionately,

L. CAILLET.



## LETTERS

### IV

*Lyons, July 25, 1868.*

MR. J. S. PRINCE,  
ST. PAUL.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I am very happy, indeed, to be able to tell you that my health is wonderfully improved and I am doing better every day. For some time after my arrival in France I hardly knew how it might turn. I felt much better than when I left St. Paul, yet I had so much pain that I was unable to take the exercise which was otherwise necessary. Now it is very different. I often walk in town the distance of three or four miles without other inconvenience than transient fatigue. My journey to Strasbourg and Luneville seems to have benefited me very much, and I have every reason to hope that my trip back to St. Paul will complete my recovery. I shall then be a new man in every respect, and with God's assistance we will be able to complete the good work which we have begun together. I do not depend on human schemes but, as I have said, on God's assistance, Who will move the good will of all my friends in behalf of the work undertaken for His own glory and the salvation of souls.

During my stay in France, I have not forgotten our dear St. Mary's, and although I would have done much better had it not been for my

## LETTERS

lameness, I have succeeded in obtaining articles which will certainly please the congregation, especially the ladies of the Altar Society. Mrs. Prince will find material to make flowers, and Mrs. Link, pieces of silk to make sofa cushions and little quilts. There is no chance to get money here on interest, although money is abundant and loaned at a very low interest, but people think the United States too far to send money there for investment.

Please tell my good friend, Mrs. Shawe, that I have not forgotten our choir, although so far I have not purchased one sheet of music. I intend to see the leader of the Cathedral's choir, who is a priest, and ask him his advice before buying anything.

Last week I went to Meximieux, where, to my great astonishment, I met Father Genis. I am afraid he has made a great mistake in listening to the entreaties of his parents, if he has the desire of returning to St. Paul, for they will move everything to keep him here.

The day before yesterday, Mr. and Mrs. Markoe came to Lyons and we spent some pleasant hours together. They seem better pleased in Montluel than they were in Lyons, and if they are as well contented next winter, there is some probability of their spending several years in France. They send their love to you, to Mrs. Prince, Mrs. Shawe, Mrs. Link and the children.



JOHN PRINCE, JR., ABOUT 1872



EMMA PRINCE, 1865



## LETTERS

This afternoon I forward my boxes to Havre. Thus you see I am actually making preparations for my return. Will you be so kind to think of that free ticket of which you spoke to me in St. Paul, and for which I will be most obliged to you?

I have received, some days ago, Mrs. Prince's letter, and also Charlotte's, for which please give them my best thanks. Mrs. Prince and Charlotte have given many interesting details which pleased me very much. As I am at the last days of my visit and have much visiting to do, I may not be able to send her an answer, which I would like very much to do.

I have heard almost nothing about our church matters and feel some anxiety about them. The Bishop has written to me but said very little about that; however, I shall soon be in the run of everything. I hope the strawberry festival has proved a success.

We have here an intense heat—almost impossible to sleep. We wake up as though we were in a bath or in the river; in fact, baths are of very little consequence when one is streaming the whole day and the whole night. The wheat crop has been very good; we need rain for the grapevine; otherwise it will spoil.

I am very thankful for the paper, as everything that concerns St. Paul is of interest to me.

My kindest regards to Mrs. Prince, Mrs. Link,

## LETTERS

Mrs. Shawe and to all the children, and a kiss to Johnnie and another, if you like, to my friend Mr. Chemidlin. Remember me to the neighbors, and believe me yours very truly and affectionately in Christ,

L. CAILLET.

V

*St. Paul, 7th Nov., 1870.*

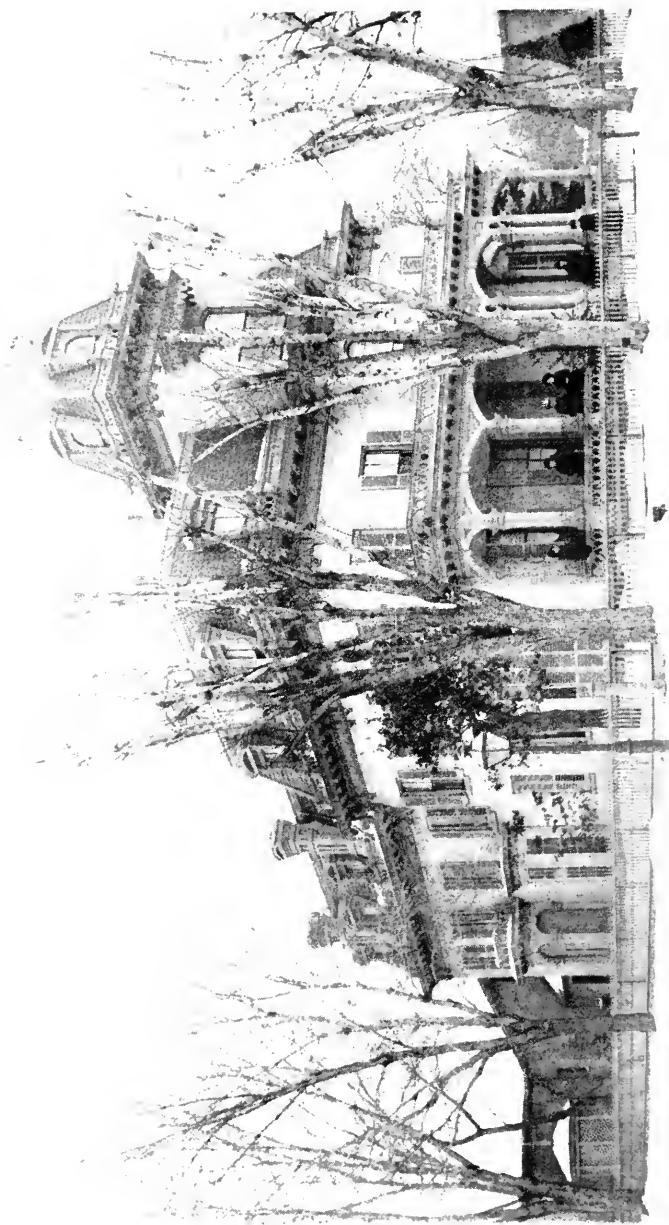
MISS FANNY PRINCE,  
CONVENT OF THE VISITATION,  
SAINT LOUIS.

My dear little Fanny:

How happily disappointed I was the other day when I received your good little letter. I dared not to hope for such good fortune, also I read it with the utmost pleasure. It was so good of you, dear Fanny, to write to me first before even I wrote that, if I could, I would love you still more for it.

I am glad to learn that you are not as lonesome as I was afraid you would be. When you feel low spirited turn your mind to God, tell Him your little troubles, and He will console you.

Among your companions, always seek the best, the most pious, so that you may be benefited by their good example. But especially cling to Mamie, and always consider her the best among your friends: support each other, have no secrets



THE PRINCE HOUSE ON EIGHTH STREET





## LETTERS

from one another and you will be as happy as you can be away from your happiest, sweetest home.

Study as diligently as you can, improve every opportunity, and I hope that it will not always be necessary to banish you away from your dear parents and friends for the sake of education.

Of course you know all about the fair, and how faithfully dear Charlotte and Nettie have worked for the little orphans: may our good God reward them by many blessings.

Goodbye, my dear child. Believe me yours very affectionately in the hearts of Jesus and Mary,

L. CAILLET.

### VI

*St. Paul, 17th Jan., 1877.*

MISS NETTIE PRINCE,  
CONVENT OF THE VISITATION,  
ST. LOUIS.

My dear child Nettie:

It seems so long since you left us that I feel I must write. Yesterday I was at the house and learned that you had written and were enjoying your visit very much. It would be superfluous for me to say how gratified I am to see the object of your journey so successfully attained. Make the most of it, dear Nettie, and although we miss you very much here, no one would be so selfish as

## LETTERS

to deprive you on his account of even one hour of the enjoyment you have so painfully earned.

Father and mother, and also grandma and all are very well, and, although all is very quiet at home, every one thinks of you and looks with a longing desire for your return.

I wish your mother were with you, for I believe that it would be good for her. She does not go out at all and remains too much with her own thoughts.

Our sewing circle is enlarging. Yesterday, we had about a dozen of persons, comprising quite a number of young ladies. I am very glad to see them take an interest and pleasure in doing that good work. The choir goes on as usual, but your absence is very much felt. I wish you could find some nice easy masses with plenty of choruses in them, so that we may do away with many of our solos. I do not say with all, but with many, as it would be more according to the spirit of church music.

How is dear little Em? Does she enjoy herself also? I hope she does and helps to make things lively all around. And yourself—how is it about yourself? Are all those cobwebs swept out of your mind? Write me a little letter and tell me how it is.

Now I see that I ought to close this letter as I am coming to the end of the paper. Give my kindest regards to Sister Evangelista and to

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Mother and the other sisters, and last but not least, to our little Em.

Yours very affectionately in Christ,  
L. CAILLET.

### VII

*St. Paul, 14th March, 1883.*

MRS. M. R. MORGAN,  
SAN FRANCISCO.

MY DEAR CHILD IN CHRIST:

I received your kind note of the 28th February, a few days after my return from New Mexico. I had secretly entertained the hope of being able to offer you a surprise, but Father Tissot did not feel willing to go so far, and as I could not leave him I had to make the sacrifice of my visit, at least for the present. Father Tissot is much improved from his journey, but I fear that he will go to work and lose more than he has gained. Today, Mrs. Gordon was buried; last Sunday, her mother, Mrs. Borup; the Sunday before, General Simpson. Since then they have received the news of the death of Captain Hartley. So you may see how much that family is afflicted! I have received this week a letter from Mrs. McQuillan, dated from Naples. They were all well and intended to go to Rome, where they will spend the Holy Week. By this time you have seen the Beauprès. If they are yet in

## LETTERS

Francisco, please remember me kindly to them when you see them.

Father Keane, my assistant, does admirably well, and I wish I could say the same of the choir, but I cannot, for it is about entirely demoralized, and if something is not done very soon, we will have none at all. Today I received a letter from the General, which interested me very deeply. Please tell him that I shall answer very soon, and also give him my kindest regards, also to Wilfred and Mabel. You may be sure that my visit is only postponed and that I will take the very first opportunity to cross over to California. You are wrong when you make excuses for the manner your first letter was written. Let me assure you that I never was better pleased with a letter than I was with that one. It was so much yourself that I could hear you talk, and if you wish to please me you will write many like that one.

Now, I remain your sincere friend in Christ,

L. CAILLET.



JAMES JEROME HILL, 1882



MRS. HILL, 1886



## LETTERS

### VIII

*Havre, 14th Oct., 1889.*

MRS. J. J. HILL,  
NINTH AND CANADA STS.,  
ST. PAUL.

DEAR MRS. HILL:

I know that both you and Mr. Hill will be pleased to know that we are safely landed in Havre, and particularly that Mr. Chemidlin has very much improved in bodily health and also in disposition. It is true he was not seasick; this may account for the latter in a measure. I have been able to limit him to about five cigars a day; this is still too much, and I told him this morning that he would have to do better. True, we have five meals a day, for that barbarian called a lunch a meal. I suppose to have his smoke. Well, enough of backbiting, although he is writing at the same table and, I am sure, not sparing me.

We had the finest trip on the ocean that could be desired, and not a particle of seasickness, as the five meals a day and the same number of smokes will tell. We had some very nice company, but not much fun, owing to too many being sick. There is one drawback about this fast traveling—it is that as soon as you begin to know people and to enjoy their society it is time to part. However,

## LETTERS

we did not come for this kind of pleasure; we left it at home and hope to find it there when we return.

We called at the Albemarle when in New York, but Mr. Hill had left and we had not the pleasure of saying good-bye once more. Today after breakfast we intend to ride around and see Havre—we shall also take a walk in the quaint, narrow streets of the old portion of the city and will, no doubt, see many things of interest. Tomorrow morning we shall leave for Paris and take in the big show. My nephew will meet us there, probably next Sunday, so as to spend a week with us in Paris. Then on to Lyons, and Mr. Chemidlin to Lorraine. After a couple weeks we will meet again and then go South.

I hope and pray that you may all be well during the coming winter. Please remember us most kindly to Mr. Hill and the children, also to Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hill, without forgetting the baby, as far as she can be impressed. It was so kind of Mr. and Mrs. S. Hill to come to see me before I left.

With best wishes for your welfare, I remain very respectfully yours,

L. CAILLET.



## LETTERS

### IX

*Paris, 20th Oct., 1889.*

DEAR MRS. HILL:

While Uncle and my nephew are dissipating to-day—Sunday—at the Exposition, I improve the time to write a few letters. You will be pleased to hear of the wonderful improvement in Mr. Chemidlin's condition; he has lost all that sallow color, has a splendid appetite, and as for walking, he is a perfect machine and hardly ever complains of being tired. The only question with me is whether, when the excitement is over, there will be no reaction. I watch him, although I do not say anything, and when I want him to rest I tell him that I am tired. Nothing pleases him better than to think that I tire sooner than he does, and really, sometimes I do.

We have visited the Exposition perhaps ten times already and yet have seen so little! Not, indeed, for lack of objects to be seen, but on account of their too great number. What has struck us most with wonderment has been the "Galerie des Machines." O, how much I would like to have Mr. Hill with us, for he would be so much better able to appreciate all that is exhibited there, particularly in the way of railroad machinery, etc. The next thing was the Eiffel Tower, which is not only a feat of iron architecture, but also a work of art in its form and structure. You cannot have

## LETTERS

any idea of its elegance of form and beauty of proportion unless you are close to it—all the cuts we have do it no justice. The next portion which interests me most is the Military Department. There one can see everything from the most formidable engines of modern warfare to the minutest details for the maintenance of our army in campaign. I have not yet visited the galleries of painting and sculpture, nor the various industrial departments, which I intend to visit this week.

My nephew brought me a letter from Mrs. Goodrich. She is living in Paris, at Passy, and I have appointed next Tuesday to go to see her. I called to see Tiny Kelly; if you have ever seen a girl glad to see somebody, you should have seen her. I am going there tomorrow afternoon, expect to meet Miss Mealey, and after will write to the family.

I have found it very difficult to get settled in Paris and have concluded to go to the Pension where we had stopped before. They give us breakfast at 9 o'clock, dinner at 7. Between those hours we have all the time we want to see and get tired seeing. Of course, we make a station of some restaurant in the middle of the day. One thing has struck me most agreeably in connection with the Exposition: that is the conveniences and comforts that have been provided for sightseers. Whether it rains or shines, you have immense awnings to shelter you. Chairs and benches are pro-

## LETTERS

vided all over to rest when tired. Four orchestras discourse music while you take meals or refreshments near the Palais de l'Industrie, and everything necessary seems to have been foreseen.

Please give our kindest regards to Mr. Hill and also to the children and to Mr. Samuel Hill and Mary, and believe me,

Yours very sincerely,  
L. CAILLET.

X

*Top of Eiffel Tower,  
Oct. 21, 1889.*

MISS CLARA HILL,  
ST PAUL.

MY DEAR CLARA:

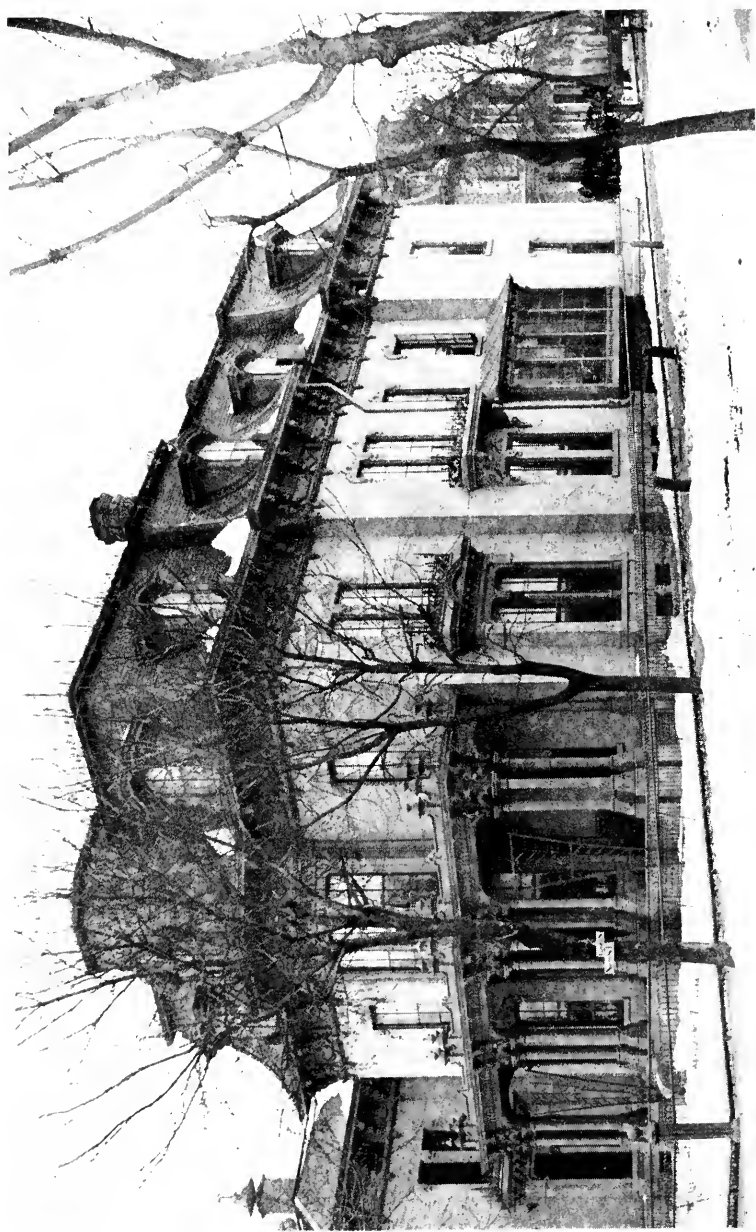
When I say "Top of Eiffel Tower" it is to keep my word to you to write from that eminence. But it was impossible—too crowded. Think a little, nearly five million people have made themselves proud by going there; but Father Caillet did not. We started together; at the first story he was yellow; at the second he had turned green, and then he would go no further up, I suppose thinking that his congregation had still further need of his services. Well, the sky being perfectly clear, the sight was beyond expression—175 miles all around. Half a dozen cities in view. And such a pano-

## LETTERS

rama! Not the least striking was the mass of humanity sliding, not walking, below, looking like puppets; the horses, the size of dogs.

Yesterday, Sunday, I went to see the crowd—350,000 within the grounds. You remember Third Street when Cleveland came to St. Paul. Imagine, then, what it is here. A most good humored crowd, speaking all languages, even French. No coarseness anywhere, no swearing (I have heard but one oath since in Paris), and not one drunken man. And to see the amount of wine they drink at their meals, men and women alike! As for whiskey, I think there is none in Paris. No strong liquors are drunk except a thimbleful of brandy in coffee after dinner. That is what we do. The pictures give you no idea of what the Exposition is. Oh! I wish I were rich! What beautiful expensive objects I would bring you. This morning I saw a pot of china wild-flowers, single poppies, ragged sailors, oats, grasses, more delicate than any artificial flowers I ever saw. I wanted to ask the price but when I saw the next, a modest little bouquet, marked “bought by the Bey of Tunis,” I thought that if a sovereign could afford to buy only a little posy, I ought not to buy one costing a hundred times more. I had intended it for you. Thank me.

We saw America's exhibits. They are no credit to the U. S. The smallest southern republic



THE HILL HOUSE ON NINTH AND CANADA STREETS, 1884



## LETTERS

makes a much better show. Tiffany and Edison have saved the country's reputation. Tiffany had the highest award, one grand prize, besides four gold medals. As for Edison, he has received the cross of Commander of the Legion of Honor, the highest given to foreigners. He and Eiffel are the two great men of the Exposition.

Oh, dear! I wish you were here. I can't describe what I see. Truly if Adam and Eve had had such a beautiful place to live in, they would have thought twice before eating the apple.

I suppose you wish to know how my health is, since you think I came for my health. Well, my yellow skin is gone, it has turned into healthful pink; I eat three heavy meals a day, and want more. On the steamer I ate four meals, and Father Caillet five. I did not miss one during the whole passage, which was splendid. Consequently, I am growing fat, and Father Caillet, fatter. He looks now like "un petit abbé" of old.

Tonight we go to hear Faust at the Grand Opera. Don't you wish you were here!

Give my respects and love to all, not forgetting Mr. and Mrs. Sam.

Your affectionate old slave,

A. CHEMIDLIN.

## LETTERS

### XI

*Lyons, 29th Oct., 1889.*

MISS ELSIE SHAWE,  
EAST NINTH STREET,  
OPPOSITE ST. MARY'S CHURCH—ST. PAUL.

Dear Elsie:

I have received both your letters and also that of Mary. I cannot tell you how pleased I was in reading them as they brought me back to home. It does one so much good to feel that he is not forgotten by those he has left behind, and whose friendship he prizes so dearly. Yes, Elsie, you can never realize how much I think of you, how I appreciate you for your untiring devotedness to all the work I am interested in. Such a friend as you are to me, all the sights and pleasure in the world could never make me forget. I have visited the grandest Exposition. Its proportions surpass all I could imagine of the kind. One scarcely needs to travel after being there. For not only do you find all the modern works of art, all that man's genius has produced in the way of machinery, all that exists in the way of luxury and comfort, etc., but also all the various specimens of the human race. It is another Pentecost, only the Holy Spirit is not there, but another! No, not even in the churches we have visited! One would almost think that the spirit of God has deserted them,



## LETTERS

there is such coldness and lack of devotion in the services. We were one Sunday in the Madeleine and the other in the Trinity, and heard not a word from the pulpit. Why? I do not know. It seemed as though the priests were afraid to speak or even to offer the Divine Mysteries, and that the briefest way was the best. We attended a solemn High Mass which took 45 minutes, and a low Mass which took 20. Oh, give me St. Paul, and in St. Paul St. Mary's, and even if I am an interested party, I will say that I would not exchange our humble church and our choir for the grandest church in Paris.

Uncle has gone to Lorraine, and my nephew and I have come down to Lyons. It is raining, and I am not sorry, for it keeps me in and enables me to write to you. Then again, it rests me as we have been on our feet enough to tire any kind of feet. My nephew's wife is very lovely, and so kind to me. The children are made of quicksilver and gunpowder, but are the most interesting and precocious children I have met with. They, of course, think everything of their Uncle, too much in fact, as they have already worn out my face with kisses.

When Mr. Chemidlin comes from his visit we shall, after a few days spent with him in Lyons, proceed south, and on with the second part of our journey, which is Spain. Uncle asked me to re-

## LETTERS

member him to yourself and family and promised to write.

Give my love to all at home; remember me to Mr. McLachlan; tell Fr. Conry that I have found his letter in Lyons, and will write to him, and give my kindest regards to all the members of St. Mary's choir. Tell Mrs. Smith that I do not forget her, and that my nephew's wife is delighted with the nice little cup I brought from your house, and wishes me to thank you for her. She finds it to be a little wonder. To your dear self, you know that I remain your very affectionate in Christ,

L. CAILLET.

XII

*Grand Hotel de Paris,  
Madrid,  
24th November, 1889.*

MRS. JAMES J. HILL,  
ST. PAUL.

DEAR MRS. HILL:

We are now in Madrid after a very pleasant journey; and, notwithstanding that Mr. Chemidlin still complains of cold, I am of the opinion that it is with him rather a personal matter and not the fault of the country so much. To say that I am well would not be correct, for I am better than

## LETTERS

well and able to enjoy everything, even the discomforts unavoidable in a journey of this kind.

We enjoyed our stay at Lourdes exceedingly. We had very fine weather and a most agreeable ramble in the mountains. But above all, there is something so soothing and refreshing in the memory of the events which took place there, and which is kept green by the sight of the faith and devotion which are displayed constantly, that one cannot help being influenced thereby.

Madrid is at first somewhat disappointing, having a common appearance; but after a closer inspection, one likes it better. Its parks and many of the new residences are perfectly beautiful. As to its galleries of paintings, they surpass any other collection in the world for the profusion of its gems of the old and best masters. Of course, we are not able to criticize and to judge, and I am glad we are not, for we might well spend all our time in the Royal Museum and then we would be only beginning.

Tomorrow we go to the Escorial, about thirty miles from here, and will return in the evening. We intend to leave on Friday for south Spain, and, after visiting some of the most interesting points, will sail for Algiers.

We frequently speak of Mr. Hill, yourself and the children, and wish he could see the same things we see, as he would be able to enjoy them even

## LETTERS

more than we do, and would be able to appreciate them so much better.

Mrs. Hill, I am very glad to have undertaken and made this tour, on account of the physical benefit which I have every reason to expect from it, and also for making me realize how much I think of the friends I have left in St. Paul, and how hard it would be to induce me to leave them again, even with the most favorable expectations.

I remain very sincerely yours,

L. CAILLET.

### XIII

*Alhambra, Nov. 30, 1889.*

MISS CLARA HILL,  
ST. PAUL.

CARA MIA:

Truly the land of enchantment. Imagine a palace of the Arabian Nights at the top of a low mountain, itself at the foot of the snow-covered Sierra Nevada, the highest part of it twenty miles off, but which seems only two miles. On the north side, far below, and joined to the Alhambra by an avenue surpassing any at Versailles, white, glittering Grenada with its numerous old minarets and towers, and beyond, an immense plain surrounded by the Sierra Elvira, dotted all over with white farm houses; with Santa Fé, the headquar-

## LETTERS

ters of Ferdinand and Isabella during the siege of Grenada, in full view. Add to that, such an atmosphere as Corot delighted to paint. No wonder the Moors shed tears of blood when they had to leave this earthly paradise, and that so many of them preferred becoming Christians rather than return to Africa. No one can describe the Alhambra, and, of course, I won't attempt it. We had our beautiful countenances taken, leaning against the Court of Justice and looking at the fountain of lions, with the Court of the Abencèrages on our left. For the last two days we have been going from enchantment to enchantment until I am bursting, and this rigmarole is the consequence. But Father Caillet has not his fill yet, and he has gone for a last walk whilst I am discharging my enthusiasm at you. His company is very pleasant, *of course*, but how many times within the last two days I have wished to have some one of you to rave with me. He is so quiet in his enjoyment that I am disgusted with him. It is selfish to enjoy things within yourself, without imparting your delight to others. When you make your "grand tour" (may I be with you then) this will be of all places the one to visit in May. I am told this is the worst time to visit here, and yet now pomegranates, figs, oranges, olives, hang on the trees. Think a little. Hedges of cacti and aloes ten feet high. One of myrtle nine feet thick and

## LETTERS

five feet high, trimmed smooth as a wall. I do not know which to admire most, the work of man or the work of nature. Now, I am going to tell you something which must not be repeated, and which you, not being yet a full grown woman, won't repeat. Father Caillet and I had a gypsy dance for our special benefit. There are between four and five thousand Gitanos at Grenada, living mainly *in* the inside of a mountain in very clean grottoes. The Gitanos are far prettier than the Spanish girls, and the way they threw kisses at Father Caillet and told him in their beautiful Spanish that he was beautiful, made me jealous. But the best of all were Father Caillet's blushes. But my punishment came. Until then, I had been boss in our wanderings. He has since then taken the chief command.

Our trip in Spain was much colder than I expected. It is a dreary country, to say the least. Madrid resembles all other capitals, but her gallery of paintings is the first in the world. There is hardly one that is not a masterpiece. Would not your father revel in that gallery! Never anywhere have I seen such beautiful children as in Madrid. We were on the Prado on Sunday afternoon and it was a delight to watch them. I tell you, Walter would just hold his own amongst them, and that is all. As for the young girls, well, all I have to say is that Charlotte would look slim



CHARLOTTE HILL., 1863



RUTH AND RACHEL., 1883





## LETTERS

alongside of them. The fact is, I have hardly seen a beautiful woman since I left America, except at Nîmes in the south of France, where almost every woman you meet could sit for a model to an artist.

The Escorial! Brrrr—only to think of it freezes me to the bones. A tomb of granite. A city by itself, with more than thirty courts, built like a gridiron. And the church—the noblest pile I ever saw, but not a statue, not an ornament; a stupendous cross cut in the rock. It crushed you, and you leave it with your heart in your boots. And as you get out, what do you see far below? A valley covered with millions of white granite boulders, with here and there black looking olive trees, which at that distance look like hooded monks contemplating death. We were glad to leave and we returned to Madrid after dark. In the compartment with us, in front of Father Caillet, was the Bishop of Toledo. And what do you think Father Caillet did? He snored during the two hours it took us to return (and, hélas! I can tell you he can snore as no man can), and not only snored but kept his mouth open to its fullest extent. And that in front of a Bishop! That man has no human respect.

From Madrid we went to Cordova, the most Moorish city in Spain. There is hardly any street where two carriages can cross each other, so the streets are marked in such a way that carriages go

## LETTERS

only in one direction. True, carriages are very scarce—all donkeys. The mosque is a magnificent building. Think only, over one thousand columns, all marble, brought from all parts of the world. It is a forest.

*Cadiz, Dec. 5th.*

Waiting for the boat to take us to Tangiers.

It was too bad. The cathedral was all scaffolded. An earthquake sometime ago shook it very badly. So all we could see in the capital of Andalusia was the Alcazar, which is not equal to the Alhambra, by a long shot, as James would say. So we hurried to Cadiz as fast as possible, following the valley of the beautiful Guadalquivir. The cleanest, neatest, prettiest city in Spain, and that is all.

*December (lost the date), Tangiers.*

The approach very picturesque, rising on both sides of a gully. The houses as white as snow. But the dirty, nasty, stinking Moors—Pouah! We left two days ago and I have yet the stench in my nostrils. The widest streets are just about wide enough for two donkeys to pass each other, you, and another one. I was going along when came towards me a truly splendid Jewess (the only good looking people here), straight as an arrow, grand figure, looking proudly straight before her; as she passed I turned to see her as long as possible. Well, I turned and came literally face to face

## LETTERS

with a camel. The camel was not the most astonished of the two, but my nose was the worst of the three.

The Moorish women are horrible to look at—each a large bundle of clothes. They don't always hide their faces, but their legs are bare to the knees; such clubs! And their feet!! “Horribilis, ingens.” As for the men, they are the worst gang of ruffians I ever saw. To think of the builders of the Alhambra and of the Alcazar, and their descendants! Allah on Allah, Mohammed reçoûl Allah.

*December 10th, Gibraltar.*

Very neat city. It reminds one of a French provincial city. Nothing to see but guns and forts, forts and guns. But what beautiful walks up and down that rock! Imagine a solid stone, two miles long, not a quarter of a mile wide and rising to 1400 feet. Oh! the flowers in the parks. It is gorgeous. But the best is, that Fall and Spring flowers are mixed together. The rock itself is clothed with the most beautiful wild-flowers, amongst which the scarlet geranium hanging in festoons, the narcissus, the sweet alyssum and many others that I never saw.

Well! We leave tomorrow for Malaga, and then Melilla in Morocco, then Oran, Algiers, Tunis, Malta and Cairo. We are going to hurry so as

## LETTERS

to be at Bethlehem for midnight Mass at Christmas. But I am afraid we won't make it.

The weather on the Mediterranean now is the same as it is in Minnesota in June. Not too warm. But have I not been cold, though, since I left New York! In France, until I got south of Lyons I did nothing but shiver. In the south of France, it was just pleasant, and at Lourdes, at the foot of the Pyrenees, the gorges of the mountain were full of wild-flowers. But when once in Spain, I shivered worse than ever. But now I am in Paradise, and Father Caillet is in a sweat all the time, so he is growing thin at last. As for me, you would hardly know me, if it was not for my nose. What happiness to have good health! Almost all the sour lines are gone out of my face. We have had a great deal of enjoyment and expect much more. And yet, sometimes in the long evenings I catch myself longing for St. Paul, which shows that one cannot be entirely happy.

And now, my dear conscience, I hope to find a good, long letter from you at Algiers where we expect to find lots of them. Since we left Madrid we have heard nothing from home. I hope my letter from Paris did not bother you too much to read. Give my love to all.

Yours with affection,

A. CHEMIDLIN.

## LETTERS

### XIV

*Grand Hotel de Paris,  
Cadiz,  
5th Dec., 1889.*

MRS. J. J. HILL,  
ST. PAUL.

Dear Mrs. Hill:

We will not be able to say a great deal about Spain, our stays in the various places having been shortened by the severity of the weather. Another drawback is the ignorance of the language, which prevents one from being with the people and seeing more of their inner life. On the whole, I think that there is much to like about the Spaniards, but that they are very poorly governed; and particularly that the poor classes are not helped to help themselves. There is much too much begging, but even in doing it the Spaniard preserves some of his self-respect. I was very sorry to hear of the accident to James, but am glad to judge that there is nothing serious for the future, as he continues with his studies. Please remember me to both him and Louis. Mr. Chemidlin is much improved and I trust that he will continue to do well. I believe that the trip will not only have contributed to his happiness but will add to his life and improve his comfort. Tomorrow we will take the steamer for Tangiers, Algiers and Tunis. At that point, the journey to Egypt and the Holy Land will be

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decided, one way or the other. Much will depend on Mr. Chemidlin's condition of health, and what we may learn about advantages and disadvantages of the trip. For myself, I would rather linger in Italy and the south of France than rush among the Arabs and wade through the sands of Africa, and rest riding on mules and asses. But Uncle loves the prospect. I have only to hope for him that it is not distance that lends enchantment. On the whole, I am very glad to have visited Spain even imperfectly and would not have given up the trip notwithstanding its drawbacks, had I known them beforehand. This part is now over and I am glad of it because it is that less time that I shall remain away from my friends; for I have often felt lonesome after them, and it sometimes takes the recalling of the motives which moved me on to this trip not to make me feel an idler, and even with all this I do feel one anyway.

I remain very sincerely yours in Christ,

L. CAILLET.

With mille biens choses on the part of Uncle.

## LETTERS

XV

*Tangier, Morocco,  
7th Dec., 1889.*

MISS SHAWE,  
ST. PAUL.

MY DEAR CHILDREN:

This letter, will, I hope, reach you by Xmas, and bear to you my most cordial greetings. Yes, I wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. First of all to your dear Mother; let me hope and pray that she may be able to so arrange matters that she may enjoy peace with more comfort. If what I wish does happen, I know that you will all be first sharers of those earthly favors.

We are here in Tangier and do hope to leave it tomorrow after Mass. I can only repeat what I have said to Fr. Conry about this place. When you see it from the bay it presents a very pleasing appearance; its white houses topped with nice flat roofs, all rising one above the other, seem to invite you to enter its walls; but all this is fraud and deception; no sooner you enter its streets so-called than you feel most sadly disappointed. The filth of the street, or rather lane, is only surpassed by that of the human beings who are endeavoring to fight their way through, with scores of donkeys loaded with stones, wood, vegetables, water, etc., etc. Then the smell, oh, what a stench! Some-

## LETTERS

thing truly indescribable and never to be forgotten. What is more strange is that every one I have seen who has been there has been as anxious to leave as we are, and yet would not have missed it for the disagreeableness. Neither would we! We have seen what we shall meet nowhere upon our journey,—the true Oriental life, not as we have it in romances but in reality; and in the midst of all this, you meet the real patriarchal life we read of in the Bible. I do not mean in religion, but in customs, looks, habits, etc. Yesterday and today we loitered through the streets and market places, losing our way through the maze of lanes, but discovering something new every time. It was really more interesting than picture galleries, and I suppose more bearable because we are getting a little used to the drawbacks I have spoken of.

I received Alice's letter, and I had answered a few days before a telegram which her letter explained. I did not write but will before the awful event takes place. This letter is for you all, and I beg of you to excuse its incoherence, as I am writing it under difficulty, the room being occupied by people who distract me with their talk.

Tomorrow we leave for Gibraltar, where we will wait for the steamer that is to take us to Oran, where we will take the cars for Algiers. We expect to be there for tomorrow week and to remain for sometime to rest if the weather is pleasant.



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Uncle sends mille choses, and is very well, although lonesome today. He wants ease and sunshine, also the beauties of nature—and such are not met everywhere nor every day on a journey like this. As for me, I find what I sought, viz., perfect rest from my usual work, and although I often long for it and my home and friends, I am perfectly satisfied to remain till the time is over.

Please give my best greetings for a Merry Xmas to Mr. McLachlan and all the members of the choir, and tell Mr. Nilson how thankful I am that he will find it convenient to remain an active member of St. Mary's choir.

Mary, I was very glad to receive your letter but missed the photographs that were not within. Uncle, unfortunately, did not buy the kodak he intended to buy, so he will have no pictures.

Once more, a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year!

Your friend and pastor,  
L. CAILLET.

# LETTERS

XVI

*Algiers, December 18, 1889.*

MRS. JAMES MARKOE,  
ST. PAUL.

MY DEAR MARY:

Here we are amongst Moors, Arabs, Jews, Maltese, Turks, Spaniards and what not, all screaming at the top of their voices, dressed in all possible and impossible garments, fez, turbans of all shapes and colors, stove-pipe hats, derbies, straw-hats, and no hats, blankets, winding sheets, rags and tags, swallow-tails and caftans, European pants fitting close to the legs, Turkish pants, each holding three bushels, and no pants. The women covering their faces up to the eyes, with their legs bare to the knees, and such monstrous legs! On their feet, sandals, baboushes, moccasins, and nothing. And the pandemonium of languages! But if the sight of the people gives you the nightmare, the country is simply marvelous. Everything is green as in Minnesota in July. Potatoes and all vegetables are being planted, are in bloom, are ripe. And the flowers! Oh, the flowers!! Would not your mother revel amongst them. Morning-glories, four o'clocks, the dear little double daisies, scarlet geraniums, jonquils, narcissus, and hundreds of others growing wild. And in the gardens, such gorgeous sights! Rose trees as large as my

## LETTERS

legs, twenty feet high and covered with blooms. And yet they tell me that this is winter—that we should have come in February and March.

*Biskra, Sahara Desert, December 21, 1889.*

Just as I was writing the above, Mr. Moryo, my sister-in-law's cousin, came in for us and we have been on the go ever since. Algiers is a very beautiful city and extremely interesting. Well, we had to leave it and take to the Kabylia mountains, a ride of two days in the cars, the train running nearly up to the snow line. First, tropical plants, then olive trees only, then cedars, then, on reaching the plateau, nothing but bare fields, and rocks without a flower. It is a most wonderful country. The Kabyles are quite different from the Arabs. The women do not cover their faces as the Moors do. Their clothing is merely a long piece of woolen cloth with a hole in the middle for the head and gathered under their arms; the rest falls in front and behind, so that when the wind blows—well, imagine the rest. They are a fine set—Father Caillet does not think so. But what a sight when we emerged from the mountains, through a short tunnel (a gate, it looked like) into the desert! On one side, bleak mountains, low clouds, rain, raw wind; one minute after, a beautiful clear sky, immense date-tree fields, and a vast expanse of desert. It was a dream.

What do you think of going to Mass in the Sa-

## LETTERS

hara? It is what we did yesterday, Sunday. And a beautiful little church they have here. The city is in the first oasis, with over one hundred thousand date-trees, and as it takes very few trees to feed a family, the Arab population is large. What fun it is to wander and lose one's way in the innumerable irrigation ditches,—curs barking at you, children staring, or running to their mammas, urchins following you until you give them backshish, women looking slightly from behind their face covering, the men scowling, or appearing indifferent. I wish some one of you were here to enjoy the sights.

I believe I have not written since Lourdes. I was rather disappointed with Spain. True, the crossing of the Pyrenees was grand, but the other mountains were very dreary and so the immense plains. But the cities were very interesting, especially Cordova and Grenada. Gibraltar was as I expected, but Tangiers, in Morocco! Oh, the nasty stinking city and people! Pouah! I have the stench in my nostrils yet. But yet all is very picturesque. But in Algeria the natives are much better in every sense. They are becoming civilized. They work in the city and country. There are lawyers, doctors, rich merchants amongst them, even officers with the cross of honor. And how grandly the better classes wear their graceful costumes! Unfortunately, we saw no women of the



*L. Guillet*



## LETTERS

better class in the streets. They are entirely confined in the harems, and men are not allowed there.

Well, we start tomorrow for Constantine, and then Tunis, where we will take the steamer for Malta, and that will be the limit of our eastern trip. I find that although my health has improved greatly, yet the cause of my ill health remains, and I have made up my mind to go and spend a month at Carlsbad. I think that since I have undertaken this expensive trip for my health, I ought to do all I can to obtain that object. It breaks my heart not to see Egypt and Jerusalem. But I have not the time and the money to do all, so I will do the most necessary.

Father Caillet agrees perfectly with me, and thinks it is the best thing I can do. So we will do Italy thoroughly, and then he will go to Lyons, stay there a couple of weeks, and then come to meet me at Carlsbad, whence we will start for *Home*, through Germany, Belgium and Paris. So you will see me sometime in April.

And now, my dear Mary, I wish you all a Merry Christmas and happy New Year. Give my love to James and all, and kiss the babies for me. I wish you could kiss the dear little one that is gone.

Your affectionate Uncle,

A. CHEMIDLIN.

## LETTERS

### XVII

*Tunis, 28th Dec., 1889.*

MRS. JOHN S. PRINCE,  
ST. PAUL.

DEAR MRS. PRINCE:

My intention was to have written to you from Biskra, but instead I sent some views from there, hoping that it would be pleasing to see that in the desert we still thought of our dear friends in St. Paul. Since then we have visited Constantine and Tunis. Yesterday was a precious day in every respect. First, it was a lovely day. We had charming weather. Then we made a most interesting excursion to Carthage. First of all, to the chapel of St. Louis, erected on the spot where he died, a victim to the disease which he had contracted in waiting on his dying soldiers, struck with the plague. Then I had the happiness of offering the Holy Sacrifice, and Mr. Chemidlin that of waiting on me at the altar. After breakfasting at the home of the White Fathers in charge of the chapel, we proceeded to visit their museum of archeology, consisting entirely of objects found on the spot. It was the most interesting portion of our excursion. The Father who accompanied us was the collector himself of those objects. There he read to us out of those inscriptions, lamps, coins and statues, the



## LETTERS

history of the three periods of the famous city which once made Rome, then the mistress of the world, tremble. We saw Carthage as she was in her glory, then the Carthage as rebuilt by the Romans, and, finally, the Christian Carthage. Thus we were prepared to go amid the ruins that had been laid open from the bosom of the earth where they had lain concealed for centuries. Without this preparation we would have seen only heaps of stones, broken columns, remnants of walls, etc., which we could not have understood. But thus prepared, we could reconstruct that which once was, and almost see Carthage. Add to this that the spot is most charming. Situated on a promontory, you have on one side a cape, and on the other, the whole expanse of the sea, on another, a fine lake, and, as a background, the last spurs of those mountains of Atlas. What a splendid site! But now instead of the great city, nothing but her burial ground! We took our lunch at the foot of a cross planted where the body of a martyr had been found, and discoursed; you may well imagine the thoughts which the scene before us caused to rush to our minds.

Tomorrow we shall leave for Malta and thence for Naples. We have given up the trip to Egypt and Palestine, which would have proved too fatiguing, and Uncle will, instead, take a season at Carlsbad, while I will visit at Lyons. We will, of course,

## LETTERS

visit the principal cities of Italy. My health leaves nothing to be desired, and I feel perfectly well, although somewhat lonesome for my friends in St. Paul, so much so, that were it not for the object I had in view in leaving, viz., rest, I would be tempted to shorten the trip. But we will not. Mr. Chemidlin has improved very much, indeed, yet I feel satisfied that the remedy has not reached the root of his trouble and, therefore, have encouraged his trip to Carlsbad. He is always cold and suffers from over-fatigue and irregularities. You have no idea how much of our thoughts and talk you and your beloved family occupy. How often we say, "Oh, how Mrs. Prince would enjoy this, and Fanny and Grace." As for dear Mr. Prince, we know also what he would like, and say to one another what we fancy he would himself say. Tell him how pleased I was with the very kind and nice letter he wrote me. Give my love to John, Fanny and Grace, and when you write, remember me also to Nettie and family and to dearest Emma. Congratulate her for me on that little one God has given her, and tell her that it will be one of the pleasures of my return to make a visit to the new-comer. With kindest regards to all, I remain very sincerely yours in Christ,

L. CAILLET.

## LETTERS

### XVIII

*Naples, Jan. 12, 1890.*

MISS CLARA HILL.

MY DEAR CLARA:

Just returned from an excursion that will count in my life. What I have seen will forever be imprinted in my mind. Not even the Alhambra nor the Sahara has made such an impression on me—4000 feet above the sea—no great height to be sure, but such a glorious view! First, below my feet, a pandemonium of lava; below, villas, vineyards, orange orchards; and then, far, far below, the ravishing Campania, enclosed by more mountains, extending 75 miles away on the left, dotted with villas, villages and cities, the whole looking like a blue frozen sea, for we are so high that the atmosphere below looks like our soft blue Minnesota skies. Right in front, Naples rising in amphitheatre, and on the left, the bay, looking also like blue ice, with black dots here and there, like decoy ducks, but which are the little sailing-boats which can be counted by the hundreds. We turn around the corner, and there another surprise takes your breath away. The same lava, villas, orchards and vineyards again, and then Pompeii, and then the glorious bay closed by Capri, and on the left, mountains springing from the water with Castellamare and Sorrento and numerous villages clinging

## LETTERS

to its base for protection. (Ouf! what an old fool I am with my youthful enthusiasms. Stop that now! don't laugh at me.) Anyway, if I did feel a choking in my throat at the sudden view, a Russian lady fairly burst out crying, and her husband fainted at the brink of the crater. Was it fright? He said he was asthmatic.

The ride from Naples in a carriage to the cable took us four delightful hours, and then the cable, eight minutes of delightful or extremely painful sensations, for the rise is 70 degrees I suppose, twice as steep as St. Anthony's cable ascent\*, and then a quarter of an hour of easy zigzag road, and then the hot, soft lava, sulphuric smoke all around, which is not quite up to violet perfume, and then, leaning on the arm of a guide, you pick your way amongst the hot, yellow lava; you ascend about 20 or 30 feet without stumbling, if you can, and then, Hell spouting fire and brimstone and stones several hundred feet high, with loud explosions. I did not stay long, for fear my hat might get hurt. Father Caillet would not come at all, thinking, I suppose, his life was more valuable than mine.

I do not know whence I wrote to you last, but I know that I wrote to the boys from Malta telling them all about Africa. And by the by, I hope your mother has received, ere now, the little basket

\*Selby Hill.

## LETTERS

of dates I sent her from the Sahara as a Christmas card.

Our trip through Sicily was delightful. Syracuse, especially, was full of interest. Think a little. Ruins from the Greeks, Carthaginians, Romans and Spaniards. The most interesting is a Greek theatre cut entirely in the rock. The auditorium is very large, composed of a semicircle of seats cut in the rock. The amphitheatre, just like a circus, and the stage, very large also, is at the bottom. These are ruins that will last forever.

And then the flowers everywhere. At the foot of Etna (which we, unfortunately, could not see) it was simply gorgeous. Yellow flowers enough to satisfy even your mother. And then the jonquils, and the narcissus, and the ranunculus, and the wild fleurs-de-lys, much more beautiful than any cultivated I have seen. Oh, dear, what delight! Why have I not some young girl, whom I have in my mind's eye now, with me to enjoy it. That horrible Father Caillet I am perfectly disgusted with. All I can get out of him is a kind of grunt of satisfaction. And he doesn't even often make me a present of that. Sometimes I feel like murdering him for his want of outward feeling. What are features given us for, if they are not to be the mirror of our souls? (Ouf! there is another explosion. Have pity.)

To come here from Messina (where I had the

## LETTERS

sweetest oranges I ever ate) we took a roundabout way. We followed the Mediterranean for a whole night, a bright moonlight night, the sea without a ripple, skirting the Calabrian mountains. I could not sleep the whole night, it was a succession of dreams (there, there, that will do!). In the morning, we crossed the range to Salerno, and then a last range, through the most beautiful gorge I have yet seen, to Naples. We did not meet any brigands. They have been driven into the cities where they lurk around hotels and museums. They don't take your life, but they strip you of all your change. They go under different names—guides, coachmen, hotel waiters, maids, portiers, porters, boot-blacks, railroad employees, etc., etc., etc. I was very much disappointed in Naples itself. They are trying to make it a modern city, and have driven out the true lazzaroni and left nothing but the out-and-out beggar. Not even many of those.

I found your last letter here. No need to tell you it gave me much pleasure. I hope with all my heart that you will be perfectly well on my return, and that you will be able to go on with French with renewed energy. For the more I go the more I find French is the universal language. With it you can go and be understood everywhere. In Spain, Africa, Malta, Italy, it is all the same. At table, they speak good, bad and indifferent French. At the stations, in the cars, even the cabmen will

## LETTERS

give you no trouble if you speak French to them. Going up the Vesuvius we were five. Two Russians, one German, one Italian and your humble servant. Well, the German started in German; no one understood him. The Russian attempted a little English. I took him up, helped him along a little while, but it was no go. Finally, I asked him if he could speak French. He did, better than I. His wife did, beautifully; the Italian, pretty well; and finally, that rascally Dutchman had to succumb, and, I tell you, he spoke well. Moral—study French.

*Of course*, we visited the ruins of Pompeii, or rather Pompeii, for you cannot call it ruins. There you see Roman life such as it was at the time of the empire's glory. It is wonderful how little new there is under the sun. Their household was very much like ours. Their kitchen utensils were entirely ours, their surgical instruments were very little different, and their dentists used just as wicked looking instruments as they use now. You have to see these remains to understand that the Romans led about the same life that we do. Only they were nasty brutes.

*Rome, Jan. 12th.*

Father Caillet interrupted me in my last effusions and saved you from another four page infliction, to go and take a ride to Sorrento. I won't commence about it, I would never stop. What a ride! Why are we alone to enjoy it?

## LETTERS

We are here for about two weeks, and then northern Italy, and then Carlsbad—Lent after carnival. Why, oh, why, doesn't Mary answer my letter from the home of the Maid? She used to care more for me. Give her and Precious and Precious' father and all the family my love, and receive the most profound respects from your abject slave,

A. CHEMIDLIN.

### XIX

*Grand Hotel du Quirinal,  
Rome,  
27th January, 1890.*

MISS ELSIE SHAWE.

DEAR ELSIE:

We have been so much on the go that time has gone without my noticing that I ought to write. In Naples I had a delightful little letter from dear Alice, which I shall answer at the first opportunity. We have been in Rome two weeks and were most favored in every way. First, we were received in private audience by the Holy Father. Think of it, Elsie! To be alone with the Representative of Christ, and to find in him the very kindest of fathers. I can assure you that I did not miss the opportunity to obtain his blessing for myself and for the works entrusted to me, and still more especially for those who have assisted me so faith-



## LETTERS

fully in attending to them. You know, dear child, by this that you were present before my mind in a most special manner, with Alice, your dear Mother, sisters and brother. Yesterday, we attended the ceremonies of the beatification of the venerable Pompilius. I will not write about the sight or the music. It was beautiful and grand. Besides, we had Benediction of the Bl. Sacrament given by the Holy Father himself. This is the second time we had the opportunity to hear the choir of the Sistine Chapel. Of this we will talk when I am home, as also of the grand Vespers at which I was present in the Church of St. Agnes.

Today we leave for Florence, where we will remain a few days. We are on our homeward trip and I am glad of it, although it will take all the time on the program to complete it, as Uncle intends to spend one month in Carlsbad. During that time I shall attend to business in France and possibly go to meet him there; not for the baths! Thank God, I have no use for them, as I am perfectly well, and have no need of the horrid treatment, which I abominate anyway. Uncle is very well but looks with horror at the trial before him, and it would not take much persuasion to dissuade him from going. This I will not do, but leave it entirely to himself.

So, dear Alice is now Mrs. McIver, yet always Alice for me and never will be anything else. I

## LETTERS

am so glad because so hopeful that she will be happy! Everything leads to that belief, and certainly I have prayed that it may be so or not at all.

You do not say much about matters, I mean business matters at home; for I suppose, there is very little to say. Winter is a poor time to dispose of property, but I hope that with spring there may be better opportunities, and by availing yourselves of them the ship may be sighted again, and your mother freed from her many anxieties.

When you see Mrs. Smith, will you remember me very kindly to her, and tell her that I remember her at the right places.

Well, I have to prepare for the train, so will close this letter with the assurance of the affection with which I remain yours in Christ,

L. CAILLET.

Kindest regards to all at home and inquiring friends, especially to the one on the other side of the street, to Mr. McLachlan, and all the members of the choir.



GERTRUDE HILL, 1889



GRACE PRINCE, 1896



WALTER HILL, 1889



ALICE SHAWE, 1889



## LETTERS

XX

*Lyons, 1st March, 1890.*

DEAR MRS. HILL:

Your very kind letter came this morning just as I was debating with myself whether or not I would go down town. The matter was settled without further consideration. I am glad to hear that you are all well, and that the influenza has spared your family. As to Mary, I hope that she will soon regain her former strength and feel again like herself. Please remember me very kindly to her and to her husband, without forgetting Mary the fourth. How nicely dear Gertrude writes! I was perfectly delighted with her lovely little letter. Tell her I will not fail answering it. Mr. Chemidlin has gone to Carlsbad, and I can assure you that I have almost regretted having assented to his proposition of going to take those waters at the expense of Egypt and Palestine. When this decision was come at, we were in Algiers. He was tired and worn, unable to endure either much fatigue or irregularity. We could not give the time for both journeys, and the question of choice was proposed by himself. I immediately told him that the choice was his, and that I would gladly concur in anything he would decide. He then decided for Carlsbad. Since then he has been improving very much, especially the last few weeks,

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and had he felt as well when in Naples, we would have changed our itinerary and sailed for Egypt. But now he has gone, and I have had no news from him, although he promised to write as soon as he would have consulted the physicians there. I could have gone myself to the East while he is remaining in Carlsbad, but he would have felt badly and this would mar my own pleasure; so I won't go, notwithstanding my desire.

Since my last letter to you we have gone over much ground, having been in Morocco, Algeria and Tunisia, and as far as the great Sahara. We have visited Malta, Syracuse, Messina, traversed the Calabrian mountains, seen Naples "and did not die," although Uncle came near doing so on Mt. Vesuvius, when he had such an ecstasy that there must have been a doubt for a moment whether he would come to or not. But he did survive. We then went to Rome. Ah, there he had another critical moment. This was while visiting the ruins. I really thought at times that I would have to leave him there a corpse and a corpse made by disgust. But I know the remedy to revive him every time: flowers and a good fire. Behold the panacea that cures him from all fits of disappointment and blue moments. We visited Florence, Venice, Milan and Genoa. Well, our trip there was not a perfect success, the weather being cold and disagreeable. But in Nice we came very near making



AT NORTH OAKS FARM, 1886  
*From the Printing by Jan von Chelutski*





## LETTERS

shipwreck among flowers and sunshine. Actually, I thought I could never drag Uncle away, so charmed and enraptured he was with masquerade processions, battle of flowers, etc., etc. The heavens came to the rescue, and one morning we beheld the hills around Nice clad in "the beautiful," and he was at last persuaded to leave the mundanities of Nice and the breakers of Monte Carlo. We came to Lyons, and found there fog enough to dampen all his juvenile propensities; also, he did not exactly care to remain more than was needed to have clothes made capable of enclosing his surplus flesh; for with all due respect, his person was no longer contained in the others. He actually weighed twenty-one pounds more than he did when at the farm, and he had almost to lean forward to behold his pedal extremities. He got his clothes and went, and now I am here waiting to hear from him before I make my plans homeward. The day before yesterday I had a letter from Mollie in which she told me at once of her being in Paris, of her visit to Lyons next week, and, particularly, not to forget the new name, which is Madame Edward Fitzgerald. You may well think how careful I was not to direct my letter to Mollie McQuillan, Paris. I hope to hear from her again, and to spend next Tuesday with her and her husband, which will be a great pleasure to me. I am so glad that Alice has also been married, and that to Mr. McIver. I have

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always entertained a very good opinion of him, because I knew he was extremely kind to his mother and also to his sister. Such a man scarcely ever fails to be a good husband. Then you know how much I thought of Alice, and how I desired that she would meet a good husband. Now, I thank God that He has granted this wish of mine, and feel certain that she will be a good wife. I thank you also for your kind attention to her in visiting her, sure as I am that your kindness will do her as much good as it will give her pleasure.

Our visit in Rome will never be forgotten either by Mr. Chemidlin or myself. Through the Propaganda, we were granted a private audience by the holy Father. I had seen and spoken to him before, but how different to be alone with him! How kindly he asked about my charge! How encouraging were his words! You may be assured that I did not forget my friends while with him, and especially yourself, Mr. Hill, the boys and all the family. My trust is that the blessing of Christ's representative on earth will go a great way in helping them both for their spiritual and temporal welfare. When we returned to the hotel both of us had the same idea, expressed it in the same words. If only Mr. Hill could be there, how he would appreciate such a man, so morally powerful, so intellectual, and at the same time, so simple without

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the least ostentation, so fatherly and truly the servant of Christ's servants.

Yesterday we had a diminutive snow blizzard, and in Lyons it was quite unpleasant, and the wind blew quite cold during the night and this morning. When I entered the sacristy to prepare for Mass, the first question put to me was "Have you such cold weather in your country?" When I looked at the report in the morning paper, the mercury had gone down the night before to about 27 degrees above our zero, and I felt quite comfortable.

I am very glad to hear that Clara is improving so well, and hope and pray that the treatment she takes may be entirely successful. Please give my kindest regards to Mr. Hill and my love to all the children. Tell Charlotte that Mr. Chemidlin, knowing her eagerness to take French lessons, will make all possible speed to respond to her yearnings, and that, if she wishes it, he is fully prepared to double the number of her lessons. As to Clara, he is firmly determined to speak nothing but German, and for this end will devote his whole time to the study of his favorite tongue, and has strong hopes of succeeding, with the help of salt water, beer and sauerkraut. He ought to, since in every place he was addressed in German, placed at table with them, and poor me, on his account, taken also for a Tenton.

Well, it is time to stop all this nonsense I have been writing and hope you will agree with me.

## LETTERS

Wishing you all well, and hoping to be with you all very soon, I remain very sincerely your friend in Christ,

L. CAILLET.

Do not forget to remember me kindly to the boys when you see them.

XXI

*Carlsbad, March 5th, 1890.*

MISS CLARA HILL,  
SAINT PAUL.

MY DEAR CLARA:

Miserere mei—De profundis——Dust to dust——Four glasses of abominable water, taken at intervals of twenty minutes, commencing at seven in the morning, the intervals filled with walking, with the thermometer below zero. I shall turn into a naiade. And with that, a diet fit for an anchorite, no soup, no vegetables, only roast meat, red wine ad libitum, but mixed with that nauseous water (luckily the doctor forgot to state the proportion), and only four cigars a day! What is going to become of those twenty-one pounds I succeeded in laying on my old bones with so much labor? They felt so comfortable, those twenty-one pounds, and they are already showing signs of departure. I did not want Carlsbad to give

## LETTERS

me peachy cheeks, I had them, those peachy cheeks, and how can bones look peachy under the skin? Ah! Father Caillet, you have to answer for it.

But the villainous trick he has just played on me! I left him two weeks ago at Lyons. He was to stay there about two weeks and then come slowly to meet me here. Do you know what he has done? Just started for Nice with Tiny Kelly, Molly and her husband. You will understand the shabbiness of the thing when I tell you that he would hardly stay a few days in that paradise, and that I had to get red hot before he would stay for the battle of flowers. He was in a hurry to get rid of me, I suppose. And now, do you know what he writes? After Nice, the gentleman will go to Paris and wait for me there. If my funds were not getting low, I would play the gentleman one and a half tricks for his one. But he won't lose it.

Was it not from Naples I wrote to you last? Rome disappointed me, and surpassed my expectations. I could not, like Father Caillet, enthuse before broken heads, arms, legs imbedded in garden walls. The ruins left me cold. True, the Coliseum must *have* been magnificent before palaces were built of its stones, and the bronze coating had been converted into money. The fact is, what remains of it looks grand. Oh! these Ro-

## LETTERS

mans, I have always hated their history. A nation of robbers. Romulus and Remus were chiefs of robbers. After stealing sheep, they stole the Sabine women. Their successors became robbers of nationalities. Then after losing the power, they became brigands in the mountains, and now they rob the travelers. In all the museums, if you ask, "Whose work is that?" invariably the answer is, "Greek." True, their alto-relievos are full of movement. But approach—there is no beauty. no delicacy in the figures. All is coarse.

The brick ruins of the palaces are dungeons, the amphitheaters tell of slaughter. How different the remains of Greece!

But what raised my enthusiasm were the works of the Renaissance. That is the only bright page in Italian history. What immense difference between Pagan art and Christian art! The Greek represents the most beautiful human body in the most perfect manner, but there is no soul. Michael Angelo and his almost-equals cared more for the soul than for the body. Their statues are clothed, but what a world of inspiration in the faces and postures. If you could see the Muses, if you could see St. Cecilia and the thousands of others that people the churches and even the museums!

As for the paintings—too bad! another one of my ideals is broken; but how puny the French

## LETTERS

school of painting of the present day compared with the works of those geniuses!

As for St. Peter's, well, it is the temple to sing the "Gloria in Excelsis" in, as the church of the Escorial is fit only for the "De profundis". No doubt Father Caillet described in one of his letters to your mother our kind reception by the Pope, so I won't repeat. Florence we saw at its best and at its worst. The first day was a fine June day; after, Oh! it was cold. Venice cold, Milan cold, did I not suffer though! But as soon as we reached Nice, everything was in bloom. We got there just for the carnival. My dear, if you ever want to go to paradise before dying.....

(A. CHEMIDLIN)

### XXII

*St. Paul, May 17, 1891.*

MISS CLARA HILL,  
COLUMBIA HEIGHTS,  
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

MA BIEN CHÈRE CLARA:

Charitable comme vous l'êtes, je suis certain que vous me pardonnerez de ne vous avoir pas répondu plus tot. N'allez pas croire du moins, qu'il m'a fallu presque deux mois pour vous composer une letter en français. Non, ce n'est pas là mon excuse. Le fait est que je n'en ai point si ce n'est mon invét-

## LETTERS

érée paresse. Et cependant ça m'avait fait un bien grand plaisir de voir que vous pensiez un peu à votre vieil ami, et j'aurais dû vous en remercier en vous répondant de suite.

Pendant l'absence de Sam, j'ai passé presque toutes les nuits chez Marie, et je vous assure que je suis encore devenue plus intime avec Mary Mendenhall, si cela se peut. Elle est jolie à croquer, parle comme une pie (comme une certaine tante) et n'en veut faire qu'à sa tête (toujours comme cette tante). Il y a quelques jours, à déjeuner, elle voulut avoir de mon café. Sa maman dit, non! Mademoiselle fit une moue et dit, "Baby go to grocery and buy coffee." Ca promet. Elle danse comme une fée, chante comme un pinson, et gronde comme sa tante. Vous rappelez-vous comme vous aviez l'habitude de me gronder, quand je ne me conduisais pas bien?

Je suis charmé que vous m'ayez écrit en français, et surtout que vous l'ayez fait sans grammaire ni dictionnaire, ce qui fait preuve de beaucoup de courage.

J'ai bien peur, si les rapports sont vrais, que notre Charlotte ne soit pas encore à même de m'écrire dans la langue que j'aime. La Malheureuse! Avec son accent, qui est meilleur que le vôtre (ne vous en déplaie), et ses talents, elle aurait fait une élève admirable. Il faut espérer



## LETTERS

que cela viendra; il lui sera bien facile de réparer le temps perdu.

Les nouveaux domestiques venus d'Angleterre amusent beaucoup les enfants avec leurs "h's" ajoutés et retranchés. L'un d'eux demandait l'autre jour, si Miss Ill était hill. Le malheureux voulait dire "Is Miss Hill ill?"

Je crois bien qu'à votre retour la maison sera *presque* terminée. Les tableaux sont pendus, l'orgue est posé, et je crois qu'il n'y a plus que le rez-de-chaussé á terminer. On donne les dernières touches au grand salon et à la salle de musique. Ce sera merveilleux. Devenez vite jolies afin que les habitantes soient dignes de l'habitation. Quant á Ruth elle n'a aucune peur.

Et parlant de Ruth, vous ne sauriez croire quels progrès elle fait en français. Sans aucune exception, sans aucune, entendez vous, c'est la meilleure élève que j'aie jamais eue.

Tout le monde, sans en excepter le père Caillet, se porte à merveille. Quant à moi, hélas! j'ai perdu l'élégance de ma taille.

Serait-ce trop vous demander si je vous priais de m'écrire avant votre retour? Charité, s'il vous plait.

Votre affectionné,

A. CHEMIDLIN.

## LETTERS

XXIII

*St. Paul, May 17, 1891.*

MY DEAREST CLARA:

Charitable as you are, I am sure that you will forgive me for not having replied to you sooner. At least, do not think that it took me almost two months to compose a letter in French. No, that is not my excuse. The fact is, I have none, unless it is my inveterate laziness. Nevertheless, it gave me great pleasure to see that you thought a little of your old friend, and I should have thanked you by replying at once.

During Sam's absence I have passed almost every night at Mary's house, and I assure you that I have become still more intimate with Mary Mendenhall, if that were possible. She is pretty enough to eat, chatters like a magpie (like a certain aunt) and wants her own way, still like the same aunt. Some days ago, at breakfast, she wanted to have my coffee. Her mother said, "No." Mademoiselle pouted and said, "Baby go to the grocery and buy coffee." That is promising. She dances like a fairy, sings like a lark, and scolds like her aunt. You remember how you have the habit of scolding me when I do not behave well?

I am delighted that you wrote to me in French, and, above all, that you did it without grammar or

## LETTERS

dictionary, which is proof of a great deal of courage. I am very much afraid, if reports are true, that our Charlotte is not yet as ready to write me in the language I love. The naughty girl! with her accent, which is better than yours (don't be displeased), and her talents, she would have made an admirable scholar. We must hope that this will come about. It would be easy for her to make up for lost time.

The new men-servants from England amuse the children very much with their h's added and dropped. One of them asked the other day whether Miss Ill were hill. The poor fellow meant to say, "Is Miss Hill ill?"

I am sure that on your return the house will be *almost* finished; the pictures are hung, the organ is placed, and I believe there is nothing but the basement to finish. They are giving the last touches to the drawing room and the music room. It will be marvelous. Become pretty quickly, so that the inhabitants may be worthy of the habitation. As for Ruth she need have no fear.

And speaking of Ruth, you would not believe what progress she makes in French. Without any exception, without any, understand, she is the best pupil that I have ever had.

Everybody, not excepting Father Caillet, is wonderfully well. As for me, alas! I have lost the elegance of my figure.

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Would it be asking too much if I begged you to write before your return. Charity, please.

Yours affectionately,

A. CHEMIDLIN.

### XXIV

*Vevey, 23 Aug., 1895.*

MISS ELSIE SHAWE,  
ST. PAUL.

DEAR ELSIE:

Many thanks for your kind and most welcome letter of the 9th. I hope that you are all having a good time at the Lake. The precariousness of Mr. Prince's condition has saddened both Mr. Chemidlin and myself very much, for I had hoped from news I had received that he was rather better. Please give him my most affectionate regards and those of Mr. Chemidlin, and extend the same to all the members of the family.

As for us, we have been blessed in a very special manner. The treatment at Vichy was successful with both of us; and the good results seem to improve instead of diminishing as time passes on. We are taking the remedies ordered by the Vichy doctor. This course may last for some three weeks yet. After this we shall turn toward home, and then follow Dr. Smith's advice, if he has any to give. I wish, dear Elsie, that you could be here



MONSIGNOR LOUIS CAILLET, ABOUT 1893



## LETTERS

with us and enjoy the beautiful scenery spread before us. We are on the shores of Lake Geneva. In front of us we have a massif of high mountains—to our left, still higher, the beginning of snow; back of us we have most beautiful hills which at home we would call mountains. These are all planted with grape vines and fruit trees, and interspersed with villages and hamlets. I wish you could behold on those mountains the effects of light at sunrise and sunset. You would surely think that you had never even dreamt of such possibilities. Next Monday we are going on an excursion to Chamounix, near the “Mer-de-Glace.” This will take us three days, and after a little rest I intend to direct my way to Rotterdam, where I shall see the Beaupré’s.

I am beginning to feel lonesome and wish for home. A life among strangers would not fill my wants, no matter how beautiful the surroundings.

Now with much love to all at home and to Mary and Mr. Smith, I remain very sincerely, your friend,

L. CAILLET.

## LETTERS

XXV

*Vevey, 31 August, 1895.*

MRS. JAMES J. HILL,  
SUMMIT AVE., ST. PAUL.

DEAR MRS. HILL:

Your very kind letter followed us to Vevey. We selected this spot as a charming one for rest, and convenient for excursions to beautiful sights. We made one to Chamounix at the very foot of the Mont Blanc. I was satisfied to go to its summit through the means of a powerful telescope, which enables us to behold its grandeur and dangers of ascent in a very safe and comfortable manner.

I did one foolish thing. I climbed the mountain on foot as far as the crossing of the glacier of the Grands Bossons, and did cross the glacier and went to see the grotto under the glacier. It was foolish for an old man, but the way it happened was this: the man who had come with me, I understood, knew well the places around, but when we crossed the glacier and had come to about the middle of it, he told me he had to go back as his head was getting dizzy. At first, I did not believe him, and continued my way, till, when looking back, I saw him far away to the other side. As I did not know one way better than the other, I kept on, and descended safely the ice steps, down the bank on



## LETTERS

the other side, although there was nothing to keep one in case of slipping; went to see the grotto and made my way back by a far better road on the other side of the glacier. In the afternoon, Mr. Chemidlin wished to go to see a cascade some 1500 feet high. I told him the game was not worth the candle, but he accused me of not being a lover of nature, etc., so I went, and he has been sick ever since. On the day we arrived at Chamounix, two guides and a young gentleman from Austria had perished in crossing to the summit. So the telescope is the best way. Mr. Chemidlin, I am sorry to say, is not well; he cannot endure fatigue, and, although ambitious, I will not let him have his way to go farther in Switzerland. We will leave here next week for Basle and Strasbourg, and while I go to see the Beaupré's for a couple of days he will go to his native place and to Paris. There he will wait for me, and we may be able to leave Havre on the Champagne on the 14th Sept. All this must lead you to the conclusion that I am very well and that something has done much good. I continue the remedies the Vichy doctor gave me, and hope they will complete the cure.

Please give my kindest regards to Mr. Hill and the entire family, without forgetting Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hill and the children. I remain

Very sincerely yours,

L. CAILLET.

Mr. Chemidlin sends his best regards to all.

## LETTERS

XXVI

*Vichy, 11 August, 1896.*

MISS SHAWE,  
ST. PAUL.

DEAR ELSIE:

Your kind and most interesting letter came yesterday, and, notwithstanding its kindness, I feel bound to find fault with you for not having availed yourself of Grace's invitation. You need a rest, and that was the very kind of rest which would have done you good and which you would have enjoyed. Alas, some people do not realize what is good for them! I am sorry to see that you are of that number. As for myself, I am very well and have every reason to hope that my season will result in a lasting good. I cannot say the same for the pleasure, for my season has been without almost any interruption a season of rain and rather cool weather. I would almost say cold, if I dared to charge la belle France with that crime in July and August. Anyway, my overcoat and rubbers have done much good service.

There is one thing I have realized and that is how hard a work the work of killing time is. I do not know but it is easier to let time kill you. No danger of protracting my visit to France; better twenty and more degrees below and something to do and a few friends to talk with than even summer

## LETTERS

weather, etc., all you can imagine in fact, and have only to invent every day something to kill time. What if you have only rain and mud! I intend to take the very first steamer within reach where I can find a berth and go home. This may not be as soon as I wish, as it is the time when steamers are crowded. I will then spend some days in Paris, where there is more to entertain a stranger than at Vichy.

I am very glad to hear that Mother is feeling better and hope she will be prepared for the winter so as to pass it more comfortably than the last. And Stella, how is she? I hope, as usual, busy and cheerful. I received a letter from Mr. Smith which I have enjoyed very much. I intend to reply to it very soon. Tell him that I intend to vote in order to offset Fr. Gibbon's vote. I will vote for McKinley and honest money. If you see the McQuillans tell them to prepare for the worst scolding of their life, unless I relent as I get near home, which I fear may be the case.

Now, dear Elsie, take care of yourself and do not forget that lost health is the hardest thing to find again. It is much easier to husband it and keep it than to lose it and go after it, even if one can go.

Now, give my kind regards to your Mother, Stella, Mary and her husband, in fact, the whole family

## LETTERS

without forgetting Frs. Gibbons and Shea, and  
Uncle, and believe me,

Ever your old and affectionate friend,

L. E. CAILLET.

### XXVII

*Lyons, 16 August, 1896.*

MRS. HILL,  
ST. PAUL.

DEAR MRS. HILL:

I returned to Lyons on Friday after twenty-four days spent in Vichy. I cannot think of any pleasure at that place, as it rained every day with the exception of three or four, and I cannot think of anything more dismal than a watering-place in rainy weather. The Doctor is entirely satisfied with the results and assures me that there are years' work yet in me, provided I keep from worrying. This I will try to do, and hope to be helped in that by those I may work with. Of course, he could not say anything more gratifying than that there would be no need of extraordinary care of my health, for I believe truly that such life is hardly worth living. I hear a good deal about the political condition at home. While it is far from being reassuring, I hope that the election will turn out all right, and that the question in November will not be one of this or that political party, but one

## LETTERS

of the country itself; and that God will guide our people as He has before, and that private interest will yield to what is for the general good; I mean, public honesty.

I am writing to you from the very house where I began under a true man of God to study for the priesthood. This morning I visited the garden and thought of all the places I used to go with my much regretted friend, Father Tissot. Our games, our talks, all came back.

I am very happy to have been invited to spend some days here where I can have perfect rest, because a happy rest. I celebrated yesterday in the dear old chapel the thirty-ninth anniversary of my first Mass, and I assure you that it was a great consolation; neither did I forget you nor Mr. Hill nor any of your family. In fact, I never do omit to pray for you even a single day, as this is the only and best way I have to do something in return for all the kindness you have always done for me. I do more of this when I am free from care than at other times, because I have more time and think more frequently of you all. I hope that you will do as you propose, go to the seashore and inhale some of that most healthful salt air which I like so much and which agrees so well with me. You tell me about the Archbishop and say that I am missed. It is very gratifying to me, and I may well assure you that my greatest comfort is to think that I may

## LETTERS

be able to be of some use to those who are so kind as to think something of me.

I have received three letters from Rotterdam urging me to make a visit there, but I do not well see how I could accept, as it is a long journey and out of my way. I feel very sorry, for I would like to see Mrs. Beaupré. I am very glad to learn that Mrs. McQuillan's house is under way and hope that it will be well advanced when I return, for I think that a pleasant home will add much happiness to her life.

I remain very sincerely yours,

L. E. CAILLET.

### XXVIII

*The St. Paul Seminary,  
St. Paul, Minn., 20 October, 1896.*

MRS. HILL,  
NEW YORK.

DEAR MRS. HILL:

I thank you very much for the kind letter which I received yesterday informing me of the improvement in Rachel's condition. Already I had heard of her being not worse, and this, to my mind, was already a good and hopeful sign; now, I trust that she will get better rapidly. This morning I offered again the Holy Sacrifice for her prompt recovery, and feel sure that prayer, sustained by

## LETTERS

your presence and your vigilance, will soon bring our dear Rachel all right. Yes, I believe that your presence had a very good moral effect on Rachel, and that this itself has helped her very much. Everything is going on here as usual, and notwithstanding that people are preparing for the election, the missions have opened very well, both at St. Mary's and at the Cathedral. Both churches were packed last Sunday night.

Although I cannot say that I like Seminary life, I feel much better contented under the altered circumstances than I did last year. Father Heffron seems to take an earnest interest in his new work and do it in an intelligent manner. The rest of the faculty are working well and are in very good spirits. The Archbishop is away East and I suppose has his hands full. There has been an accession in the home of Mary Smith. A little boy has been born there, to the great satisfaction of both father and mother. The McQuillans are all well, waiting for the completion of the new house to move into it. Mrs. Hardenbergh has returned and may be with us for a little while. How happy one is to rest contented at home, unless duty or necessity compels him to go away from it! We are expecting Grace\* next week, and the family already enjoy her coming by anticipation. I expect to go to see Mr. Hill and the family some day this week

\*Mrs. Louis Chemidlin, formerly Grace Prince.

## LETTERS

and hope I will find more good news of dear Rachel. Tell her that she is not forgotten in prayer, and that God will help her out of her trouble, and that she will soon be well.

Please give my kind regards also to Ruth and Charlotte, and believe me

Yours very sincerely,  
L. E. CAILLET.

XXIX

*Saint Paul, Dec. 2, 1897.*

MRS. JAMES J. HILL,  
NEW YORK CITY.

MY DEAR MRS. HILL:

I am most grateful to you for writing to me. I did not expect he would leave us so soon, and I always hoped that he would bury me. He was more than a brother to me. For forty years we were intimate friends. When together, we both thought aloud and with the exception of what pertained to his profession, of what referred to others, he had nothing concealed from me; and as for me, he knew me better than I knew myself. He was a strong man and I am a weak one, and I leaned on him. His loss is very hard to bear at my age. And your loss is as great as mine.\* He could hardly have

\*Father Caillet prepared Mrs. Hill for her First Communion and was her particular friend and counselor.





*Alchemidlin*



## LETTERS

loved you any better if you had been his daughter, and he had an equal affection for Mr. Hill and the children. It is very hard.

I was with him to the last moment. From the very moment of the attack, he lost all consciousness and did not suffer. Nothing but his breathing, which grew faster and weaker, indicated that the end was approaching, and he passed softly away.

I am very happy to hear that Louis has borne that operation so well. I hope that soon you will all be back.

Please give my love to Louis and to the girls.

Yours very sincerely,

A. CHEMIDLIN.

XXX

*Brooklyn, May 24-99.*

MRS. JAMES J. HILL,  
ST. PAUL.

DEAR MRS. HILL:

You must think that I have been very rude in not answering your kind letter written so long ago. But I hope you will excuse me, for until a few days ago I have been unable to write. The day after I called upon you I had a relapse of my lumbago. I could not leave my bed for weeks. I am told that warm salt-water baths will do me much good, and as next Saturday we go to Far-Rockaway, I

## LETTERS

will try the cure, and, if after a couple of weeks I find no improvement, I shall start for Saint Paul. As it is abominably cold for the season, the seashore will not be very enjoyable, I am afraid. How I could have reached the age of seventy-four with all I have suffered in my life, I cannot imagine. Excuse me for speaking so much of myself. You know old people and patients love to speak of themselves.

I was shocked at hearing of that accident on your return home. Providence was good to you and your family. It reminds me that before setting out on a journey, one had better put things in order for the life to come; so your great danger will be of some benefit to me.

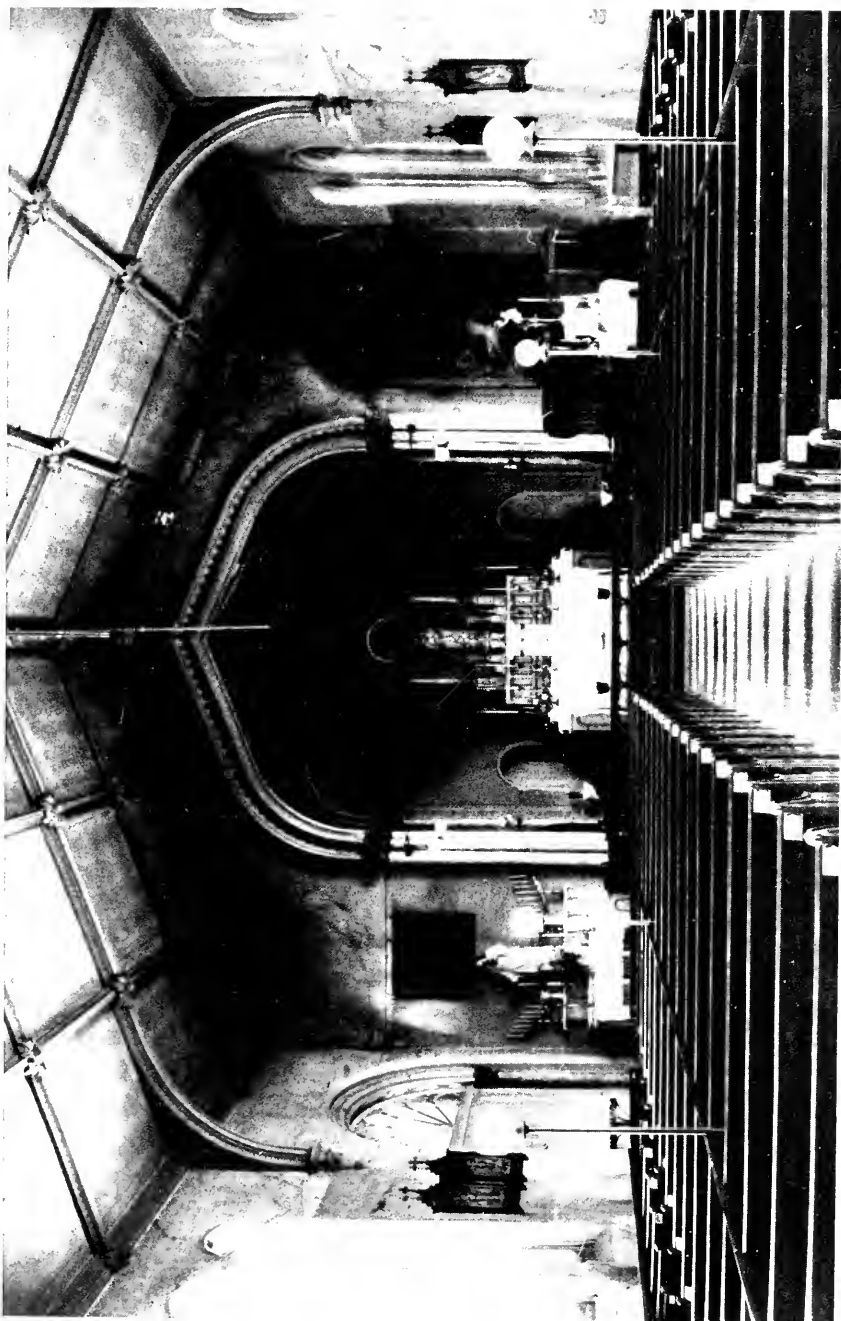
Day before yesterday, feeling pretty well, I took the cars for a stroll on Fifth Avenue, for, having not a bit of envy in my composition, I like to see the enjoyment that wealth procures.

As I was strolling slowly, admiring the beautiful horses (and maybe the young occupants of the carriages), I heard a "How do you do, Mr. Chemidlin?" coming out of a procession of girls. I turned and saw first, Rachel, all smiles, and then Gertrude. It was but a short vision. I just had time to take my hat off, bow profoundly, and the vision had disappeared.

Please remember me to all.

Yours very sincerely,

A. CHEMIDLIN.



ST. MARY'S CHURCH, 1922



## LETTERS

XXXI

*Far-Rockaway, June 27, 1899.*

MY DEAR MRS. HILL,

After traveling around, or more likely lying hidden in a corner of our excellent postoffice, your kind letter of June 4th has at last reached me. I had received a few weeks before a package from one of the girls. It was the "Figaro" with the history of the Paris Exposition and a few interesting engravings of some of the buildings. As I am not going home as soon as I expected, I send them to you. They will give you a limited idea of what you will see next year. If the French are the worst politicians of the world, they make it up by being the most artistic; a small compensation in this utilitarian age.

At last my health is improving fast. It was the worst and longest attack of lumbago I ever had. It broke me completely down, both in body and spirit, but since my coming to the seashore I have improved wonderfully. I have only been here one month, and I am a new man. I had intended to start on the first of July, but the doctor says I must remain here another month to rebuild me completely. Although I long to see St. Paul very much, I will take the medicine, which is not very bitter after all, for the place is beautiful and delightful. Only I am forbidden bathing in cold water. All do it;

## LETTERS

even Grace's little girl, who is only two and a half years old, rushes into the waves like a duckling. Even her nine months' old boy has his bathing suit and enjoys the water as much as the best of them.

I am very glad to hear that you are all so well. Sometime ago I received a letter from Clara in which she writes that Mary is enjoying her time very much. I wish we had an Aix-les-Bains here. I hope she will let me know the time of her return. I would like so much to meet them at the wharf.

Walter must be very happy to get his vacation at last. I do not know if many boys would have had the will to stand the lonesomeness of the place. I would have run away.

I will talk nothing but French to Mary and James when I return to St. Paul.

Please remember me to Mr. Hill and all the family.

Yours very sincerely,  
A. CHEMIDLIN.





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Cailliet

Gene Leathers of Consignor Louis  
E. Cailliet and August H.  
Chenille, 1892-1899.

